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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE ASYLUM HILL  
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

1915

















The Fiftieth Anniversary of the  
Founding of the Asylum Hill  
Congregational Church of  
Hartford, Connecticut  
March 21 to 28  
1915





**T**HE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the founding of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church was celebrated by a series of services and social gatherings during the week beginning on Sunday, March 21, 1915, and including the Sunday following.

On Sunday, March 21st, at the morning service, Dr. Voorhees preached the Anniversary Sermon. In the afternoon there was a Communion Service, at which forty-three persons were received into membership.

On Tuesday afternoon, March 23d, which was the precise anniversary of the founding in 1865, there were Historical Exercises, including Greetings from the churches of Hartford, expressed through Dr. Rockwell Harmon Potter of the First Church, and two Addresses, on the Beginnings of the Church and on its Subsequent History, by Deacon Atwood Collins and Professor Waldo S. Pratt, respectively. In this service Dr. James W. Cooper of Hartford and Rev. Joseph Hooker Twichell of Milford, N. H., participated. In the evening there was a very large and impressive gathering of members of the church, representatives of other churches and friends from a distance at a reception in the Parish House in honor of the Pastor Emeritus, Dr. Twichell, at which addresses were made by Rev. Philip C. Walcott of Naugatuck, Conn., who for five years was Assistant Pastor, and by Dr. Edwin Pond Parker, Dr. Twichell's lifelong friend. In connection with

this occasion was shown an extensive exhibit of photographs and other objects, recalling the earlier members of the church and the stages in its development. Specially interesting was a series of pictures of Dr. Twichell himself at different periods.

On Thursday evening, March 25th, the Congregational churches of the city joined in a Union Service emphasizing the Leadership of the Denomination in the Larger Concerns of the Kingdom, with addresses by Dr. Hubert C. Herring and Dean Charles R. Brown, the Secretary and Moderator of the National Council, upon Our Social and International Obligations and on Our Educational Leadership. Parts in this service were borne by Rev. Charles F. Carter of the Immanuel Church and Rev. Irving H. Berg of the South Church.

On Friday evening, March 26th, Mr. Edward F. Laubin, the organist of the church, gave an Organ Recital, assisted by Miss Marion Williams, violinist, and Mr. William H. Miller, violoncellist.

At the morning service on Sunday, March 28th, President William Douglas Mackenzie of the Theological Seminary preached on The Ideal of the Church. At the noon session of the Sunday School Mrs. Duncan B. Macdonald recounted the history of the Early Days of the Sunday School. In the evening, under the leadership of Deacon Alfred T. Richards, the Young People's Association traced its development from the Young Peo-

ple's Meeting and the Boys' Prayer Meeting of the early years.

In connection with the Anniversary a pamphlet was distributed describing the plan that had been adopted with reference to a series of memorial windows to be gradually provided for the church, illustrating Old Testament Leaders and Early Christian Teachers, this plan having been prepared by Professors Lewis B. Paton and Edwin Knox Mitchell. Just before the Anniversary the first of this series was put in place, a double window commemorating Mr. Erastus Collins and his wife. Notice was also given that soon a window in memory of Mrs. Julia H. Twichell would be supplied.

In the following pages will be found the Pastor's Anniversary Sermon, the Greetings brought by Dr. Potter, the three Historical Addresses by Mr. Collins, Mrs. Macdonald and Professor Pratt, and the Tribute to Mr. Twichell by Dr. Parker.

# THE ANNIVERSARY SERMON

REV. JOHN BROWNLEE VOORHEES, D.D.

*"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."*  
—PSALM XC. 1.

The selection of a text and theme for this occasion has been a somewhat perplexing matter, so many are the passages of Scripture of rich suggestiveness, and so many are the things which might be said and, indeed, ought to be said at this time. But the situation has been simplified in part by the ordering of our programme, which calls for an historical service on the afternoon of Tuesday, the day which measures exactly the half-century from that other March 23, 1865, when a little company, 114 in number, covenanted themselves together in the precious fellowship of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church.

It is not, therefore, with the details of the history of the fifty years of our church life that I am particularly concerned. The history will be given by the two men best qualified to speak, Deacon Atwood Collins and Professor Waldo S. Pratt. My responsibility at this opening service is both less and greater than theirs, namely, to stir up your minds by way of remembrance of some of the deeper meanings of the event we this week celebrate.

As the majestic Psalm from which our text is taken was read in the morning lesson, our souls thrilled in response to its solemn words. To its deep, full-toned notes of human experience the

thoughts of our hearts are attuned. At this service we do not want a scripture which is, so to speak, suitable for every day and deals with the commonplace doings of our life. For this is different from other days. It has its own associations and significance. It may be difficult to define why a mere mechanical time-division should lift up one day above all the days round about it and make it glow with meaning and affection; but such is the order of our being that anniversaries do stand apart—they are days of awakened memory, quickened appreciations, rekindled devotions.

And this Ninetieth Psalm breathes the spirit of this special day. There is a detachment about it from the immediate, the temporary, the usual. Its unknown author, after length of days, is looking back upon years that have gone, seeking to read their inner meaning and to learn the lessons they would teach for the years that are to come. Thus are we at this hour—we look back upon the half-century of our church life, and would fain read the meaning of the years.

Thus looking back, is not our experience a duplication of the Psalmist's? Above all else he was *convinced of the greatness of his spiritual inheritance*. Religious faith, to him, was more than a personal experience; it was an ancestral heritage. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." He did not separate himself from his spiritual ancestry. He said, "*our* dwelling-place in all generations," thus identifying himself with the vanished. God was precious not for the



reason only that He was the refuge of his own soul, but because He had been the dwelling-place of the generations of his fathers. Like some ancient homestead where generation after generation had been born and lived and died, so had God throughout the ages been the shelter and refuge of His people. God was unspeakably nearer to the Psalmist, because He was his fathers' God.

And of what are we, who are looking back on the fifty years in which this church has existed, convinced so strongly as of the greatness of our spiritual inheritance? Of all that we possess in this household of faith, how little we have gathered together with our own hands! Of all that we possess, how great is that received from the faithful hands of those who now rest from their labors! The fathers have labored, and we have entered into their labors; they have planted and we have eaten the fruits thereof.

The first item of our inheritance is the one mentioned by the Psalmist, *our faith in God*. If to our generation God is in any sense real, is it not, beyond all else, for the reason that we saw His reality to those who were before us? We may sometimes question our own, but we dare not doubt our fathers' experience of God. I am glad for myself that my faith in God is much older than I am, that its roots run far back in the past, that the God I try to serve is also the God of my fathers. Many of you now worshipping in this church are children and grandchildren of those who worshipped here forty and fifty years ago. Does not

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that fact argue that the God we trust is no lately found, untried God? Yes, yes, they who have gone before tasted and saw; therefore *we* know that the Lord is good. To-day our highest joy is this: We, too, believe in God. He has been "our dwelling-place in all generations." Let us, therefore, in sincere and humble gratitude for this greatest of blessings we can know on earth, our faith in God, make this high resolve: "Our fathers' God, we will exalt Him."

But the appreciation of our inheritance would be incomplete unless we had regard for the men and women who laid the foundations, material and spiritual, of this church. We are bound to them by warm, human ties of love and unpayable obligation; and it is in recognition of our indebtedness to them that these days have been set apart for the expression of our gratitude.

And here we return thanks to God for the *real piety, the true religion of the founders of this church*. It is at this point that we touch the secret of the best things which have characterized our life. It is always easy to glorify the past, but it is not because of time's golden haze that we thus see the fathers and mothers of our Zion. To be sure, there were those interested in planting this church, because they thought it would help real estate values on "The Hill." Not a few seem to have favored the project as a community improvement or speculation. But to find whence the Asylum Hill Church really came, the true explanation of its origin, we must go deeper than

community pride and real estate speculation. There was a goodly group of people who had in their hearts what the Scotch call "the root of the matter." In the sincere religion and vital piety of those hearts there was spiritual life, life which had to grow; and the church which came into being was the visible fruitage only of the deeper and secret life.

Is there not significance in the old record of the first meeting held in the interest of launching a new church enterprise in this locality? It reads: "Mr. A. G. Hammond was appointed Chairman; Rev. Mr. Bullard opened the meeting with prayer. Mr. Erastus Collins then stated the object of the meeting to be to consider the *wants* of this locality in regard to establishing a Congregational Church on the Hill." There is a difference between the needs of a locality and its wants. Churches are needed in hosts of places where they are not wanted, but a church was wanted here. It was wanted because there was spiritual life, longings for spiritual fellowship, longings for common worship and service. Go back and read of that busy Sunday School, five years older than our church organization; go back and read of those cottage prayer meetings in the early days when people came because they wished to, not because they felt they had to; go back and read of Professor Stowe's Bible Class crowding the chapel to the doors—and you will have a new sense of gratitude to those men and women out of whose religious faith was born the church we love and serve.

To their faith was added something more. How rich we are in the *vision* of those men who came together in meeting after meeting during 1864 and 1865, and took counsel concerning the planting of this church! Vision has been defined as "seeing things as they are and then seeing things as they ought to be." They had vision after this sort, and it was vision plus determination that the things which "ought to be" should be. How seldom do we find the founders of a church taking the long, long look ahead as did these men! In starting a new enterprise the motto so frequently seems to be "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Only immediate needs are considered, only present problems are contemplated; and, beginning life with ill-considered and inadequate equipment, the church is embarrassed and handicapped from the start. But our fathers in Israel looked to the future even more than to the present and planned on generous lines. They were confident of the development of the city and builded largely. When they reared this church in its noble proportions, there were, of course, not lacking those who thought it a vain and foolish extravagance. They criticised its liberal dimensions. There would never be worshipers enough to fill it, and the preacher would be a "voice crying in the wilderness." They laughed as did Noah's neighbors, when they saw the plans and specifications of the ark; but this ship, like his, has proved itself admirably adapted for future contingencies. After these many years we are grateful for those men of vision, who looked

beyond their own day and planned for their children and their children's children, even more than for themselves.

And here let us thank them for their *love of the beautiful*, for in erecting their church in its splendid magnitude they did not forget to make it beautiful as well. It is rather remarkable that, just at that period when ecclesiastical architecture in America was guilty of its most exquisite atrocities, so fine a structure architecturally was here erected. In recent years new beauty has been added by a treatment of the interior of the church, which made it in truer keeping with its Gothic principles; and we look forward to the installation of windows which shall still further increase its loveliness. But if our church is beautiful today, thanks are due, not to ourselves, but to those of the early days whose good taste and appreciation of what was worthy the worship of God made possible the later beauty of this house of prayer.

I fain would speak of other phases of our spiritual indebtedness, the *high ideals* of those who planned the beginnings of its work and gave direction to its ministry in the early days, the *fine spirit* of Christian consideration notable through all the years, the *courage*, which they exemplified, in the face of all the discouragements (and they were many) when they gave themselves to their great task fifty years ago.

But perhaps I may gather it all up in one word, when I call you to remember our spiritual heritage in the *sacrifice* of the founders. They did



what they did here at a cost. They subscribed to that fundamental law of all spiritual achievement and progress, self-sacrifice. This church exists to-day and we worship here, because these men and women gave—gave their thought, their time, their service, their means, themselves. I do not know how busy they were, but they were not too busy to give to the church time and energy which some of us might think out of all proportion. I do not know how unselfish they were, but they seem to have counted their own ease and comfort of minor worth, where their church was concerned. I do not know how much money they had, but they gave of it lavishly, and though in later years this church has given not sparingly to its own work and to others' needs, it is no disparagement to say that in sacrifice the giving of the later years has not matched the giving at the first. They had their anxieties and their problems. It could not be otherwise in working out a scheme so liberally conceived. But in all that I have read or heard of those days of the beginnings, the outstanding thing is the real joy they had in what we call their sacrifice. "A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much in fulfilling God's plans," wrote General Armstrong of Hampton, and he added, "But what is commonly called sacrifice is the best, happiest use of one's self and one's resources, the best investment of time, strength and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied. He is a heathen because he knows nothing of God."



In overflowing measure spiritual privilege has been poured out upon this, our beloved church; but the toll is not complete until we speak of God's best gift to "The Asylum Hill Congregational Church." When God would greatly bless a people He finely furnishes some choice servant, endues him richly with His grace and sets him in the midst of them. In one case a Moses, in another a Samuel, now a Luther, again a Phillips Brooks. To this church He gave Mr. Twichell, pastor beloved for all the fifty years. No one, least of all myself, has right to speak of the fifty precious years that you have been his people and he has been your pastor. Such privilege is uninterpretable by one outside.

"Now I saw in my dream that they went on, and Great-heart went before them." This is what he has been, a true Great-heart, chosen of God to lead you to the Celestial City. How much you have to thank him for! He helped you one by one through many a Slough of Despond, and his arm has been your strength over the rough places of the way. When you wandered at By-path Meadow, his voice called you back. In the Valley of Humiliation his courage supplied your need. How often at the Hill of Difficulty have you heard the cheery call, "Come, come, sit not down here; for a little above is the Prince's arbour!" Some of you might have lingered at Vanity Fair but for him; he persuaded you that it was better far to seek the Delectable Mountains and the Palace Beautiful. You sometimes lost faith in yourselves,

but Great-heart was always confident that you would yet prove yourselves good soldiers of Jesus Christ. More than once he stormed the walls of Doubting Castle and rescued you from the clutches of Giant Despair. He loved your children, as did the Great-heart of whom Bunyan speaks. They never knew the time when he was not their best friend. He taught them early to seek the Celestial City, and it was his friendly strength and comradeship that kept them in the way. All over the land are the boys and girls of yesterday, the men and women of to-day, who are thankful for nothing so much as for the inestimable privilege of Mr. Twichell's friendship, which has been the abiding inspiration of their life.

The Pilgrim's Progress is never wholly easy, but how much you have been saved who have not been called to journey alone, but have had the encouragement and cheer of Great-heart's company! Great-heart was well acquainted with Him who was King of the Place, and he made the road almost beautiful before your feet. Many whose names are precious to you have already crossed the River, but they went down to its waters without fear, because Great-heart was with them even unto the end. What a goodly company it will be in the fellowship of the Redeemed when all who have been helped by Great-heart are gathered into the City.

For fifty years, as men count their time, has this church fulfilled in this place its ministry of the worship of God and the service of men, fifty years

of blessing and of spiritual privilege. If to-day we have been thinking of the men and women, and of the man, to whom we owe so much, it is that on the morrow we may commit ourselves the more completely to the God, their God, and ours, to whom we owe everything. And, looking forward to the future, we link ourselves to our children and our children's children by those words with which at the beginning we linked ourselves to our fathers and our fathers' fathers. "Lord, Thou has been," Thou wilt for ever be, "our dwelling-place in all generations."



## GREETINGS FROM THE CHURCHES

REV. ROCKWELL HARMON POTTER, D.D.

From the First Church of Christ in Hartford I bring greetings of heartfelt congratulation and of earnest good will to the Asylum Hill Congregational Church on this, the occasion of its Fiftieth Anniversary. The mother, full of years, bids me bear her blessing to the youngest of her daughters, to tell you that her love for you has not abated, that her care for you has become a joy in fellowship, that her hope for you, justified by the years, grows brighter as she bids you go forward into the future, where larger and greater hopes await you for their fulfillment.

Not without the pain of travail did the mother send you forth. When yesterday I turned to the old register of the First Church to find on every page the record, under date of March, 1865, of strong men and gracious women dismissed to become charter members of the Asylum Hill Church, I felt again the pang that must have been in the heart of dear old Dr. Hawes, as at the close of his ministry he saw this company, gathered by his virile preaching, nourished and strengthened by his rugged faith, leave the flock that was his joy and his care, and go apart to undertake this new enterprise. As in the earlier years of his ministry, in 1824, he saw a goodly company remove to establish the old North Church, and in 1832 another company withdraw to establish the Fourth

Church, as in the midst of his most fruitful years he saw a still stronger company separate to establish the Pearl Street Church, so fifty years ago, just as he was laying down the burden he had borne so long, he saw these men and women leave his congregation and the immediate fellowship of the church that he served, to undertake this new and most promising and hopeful task. It was not easy for the First Church to send away any one of these companies drawn from her membership. It has not been easy through all these fifty years to continue to send men and women to these churches, originally drawn so largely from her own body, to have part in the extended and varying ministry of these churches, her daughters, which have become by the passing of the years her sisters in the service of the Kingdom. But the First Church believed then, and the First Church knows now, that this outplanting of her life has been for the upbuilding of the Church of Christ in the old town and the new city, has been for the strengthening of the Kingdom of God in ministries to all human need, and whatever of regret there has been in her heart in the past is abundantly compensated by the joy that is now hers in your strong and vigorous present and in that large and rich future which you and she together face for the service of Christ's Kingdom here and everywhere.

Many personal ties have bound these churches through these years. Little children born in our homes and baptized at our font have been taught by you the things of the Kingdom, and trained by



you in the ministries of the Gospel. Aged folk grown feeble with the years have found their weakness met at your hospitable threshold, and have linked our prayers with yours in their holy devotions. Young men and maidens from your fellowship and from ours have labored together in manifold ministries of Christian service, have passed from one fellowship to the other without the sense of strangeness at either door. Strong men and women from your life and from ours have laid their hands to every good work within the circle of the city, and have found by their fellowship in common tasks a realization of their fellowship in a common devotion. Above all, your beloved minister and teacher has been the beloved son and brother and father in the Gospel of the ministers who successively during fifty years have served us in the things of the Kingdom. To him when he came to serve you fifty years ago came Joel Hawes, the virile and the rugged, the blunt and the hearty, to give his blessing. And to our minister when he came not long since, all untrained and ill-prepared for his great task, came your beloved teacher and leader to give his blessing, to offer his counsel, to pledge his friendship and his loyalty in vows that have been abundantly fulfilled, and in a ministry for which thanks has daily been given to God. So has he bound together our past and our present for us, and we trace the apostolic succession of our ministry gratefully and gladly to-day through the clasp of his brotherly hand and the benediction of his gracious presence.

It is my joy to speak for the churches of our order in the city. I bring the blessings and the good will of the Second Church of Christ with those of the First, and of all their daughters and children in the faith. You have never failed us in undertaking the tasks which the history of the past has laid upon us. You have never failed us in loyal co-operation in every good work for the extension of the Kingdom of our Master. This sisterhood, from the youngest to the oldest, now disposed and furnished for the common task as they have not been for a hundred years, greets you eagerly, gratefully, gladly, prays for you hopefully and trusts in you confidently for the service you are to give in the new day unto which we have come.

The Puritan Churches of our country would commission me to say one word for them. You have not failed them through these fifty years. Many a lonely frontier church upon the plains, many a hidden work among the hills, has had the help of your gifts and your prayers. Many a man, fighting his battle on the other side of the world, bearing his witness in the darkness of the multitudes of paganism, has had the strength for his arm furnished, the food for his lamp supplied, by your faith and love. The service you have rendered to all our churches was fitly sealed and crowned and symbolized by the notable sermon your minister preached at the meeting of the American Board upon the Pacific Coast. The sermon was like himself, human, catholic, spiritual, brotherly—an interpretation of the life of one of the great

missionaries of the Church Universal, who rendered his service in the ministry of the Church of England. So your ministry among our churches has been personal and human and brotherly. You have sent forth young men to serve at home and abroad. You have inspired personal contacts with concrete tasks, and wherever the Puritan Churches are, there the name of this church and of its beloved minister have been known and have been blessed.

It is my joy to speak for the whole fellowship of the Church of Christ in Hartford. The spirit that has been cherished in this meeting-house, the message that has been proclaimed from this pulpit, the ministries that have gone forth from this threshold—these have been limited by no sectarian bonds, they have been confined to no denominational channels. They have leaped over the barriers of our ecclesiastical fences, they have burst through the conventions which the long years have established, for they have been dynamic with the catholic spirit of the blessed Master of all men, and have sought everywhere to find fellowship with all those who have cherished His name and shared in His spirit. There is a Church of Christ in Hartford which is larger than the sum of all its separated congregations, just as it is greater than the number of any one of its sundered divisions. It is constituted of all those who have caught something of the message of the Man of Nazareth; it is made up of all those who find the hope of their hearts given them in His revelation of the good-

ness and the love of the eternal God. It includes all who have been quickened for the common service by His Spirit, who have prayed for the coming of His Kingdom, and cherished the hope of His radiant appearing therein in their hearts. These all have rejoiced in the witness and the service of this church and of its minister. These all do now give thanks for the help which you have given them. These all offer prayers to-day that are beyond the prescriptions of all their rubrics, and exceed all the words of their lips, prayers that for your minister at evening-time there may be light, that for you together through the future there may be increased blessedness in increasing service, and that for him to whom there has now worthily come the privilege of succession in this ministry and this leadership there may be given the continuing and increasing presence of the Spirit that has guided you unto this present.

# THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHURCH

DEACON ATWOOD COLLINS

To obtain the proper setting for the story of the founding of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church it will be necessary to throw on the screen a different Hartford and another Lord's Hill. Forget, if you please, the streets solidly built up with houses, the sidewalks, the asphalt and macadam pavement, the electric lights, and the trolley and motor cars that now make up our daily moving picture.

If we are to go back to 1860, we must eliminate all the things that mark the progress of our city of Hartford in population from approximately 29,000 to 100,000. We must strike out also the inventions of the intervening years, which have added comfort and luxury to the conditions of living. Our railway station and tracks were then on the ground. The grade crossing was guarded by gates, manipulated by veteran tenders. Asylum Street was not then the artery of travel that it is now, but, even then, there were traffic incidents. Horses occasionally ran away then as now, and for the passenger to the excitement of the meteoric ride there was added the chance of contact with a moving train. The streets to the west were then roads, and not the good roads of modern parlance. To quote from a paper on the topography of Hartford by the late Major John C. Parsons: "As a general rule, in new settlements the better the soil,

the poorer the roads. The tenacious clay that underlies the loam of Hartford is the most intractable of all material for road-building."

Breasting the easy ascent of Asylum Hill, the avenues diverged as now, but upon a sparsely settled territory. "The Hill in 1860 was comparatively new ground. The stream of immigration had begun to move that way, but the houses were scattered along the two avenues at wide distances, and on the side streets were few. The American Asylum at Hartford for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, according to the ponderous title which it then bore, will soon celebrate its centennial on its present site. To this institution we are indebted for the name of the street, avenue and church. The deaf graduates of the school, feeling the name "Asylum" to be a stigma on their class, agitated years ago to such effect that the name of the school was changed by legislative enactment. Despite the sporadic protest of residents, the name "Asylum" adheres to street, avenue and locality.

Of the buildings in this particular neighborhood two are mentioned specifically because of their intimate connection with the beginnings of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. These two buildings are now only a memory.

One building to which reference is made was a plain and unpretentious schoolhouse, which, with its playground and primary building, occupied the whole of what is now Asylum Place, with additional land to the east. It was a homely frame



building, of which apparently no one has ever cared to make a picture. But many now living can testify that solid foundations were there laid for education and character. The principal, George Fillow, was a born teacher and disciplinarian, who made a lasting impression on his pupils by a judicious use of ruler and rhetoric.

The other building was a brick dwelling opposite the west wing of the American School, the home of Mr. and Mrs. David E. Bartlett, names to be held in blessed memory by the people of this church. Later, in the seventies, this was the first home of many of that choice band of Chinese youth who, at the instance of Dr. Yung Wing, were brought here to receive a New England education. Here they found a Christian home, and, in the sainted lady who presided over that household, a mother's love and care.

These two buildings first sheltered our church in its germinative stage, when its only shape was a Sunday School in the little brown schoolhouse and a neighborhood prayer meeting in the dwelling.

The annual meeting of the City Missionary Society was held in the autumn of 1860. A notable figure in those days was the City Missionary. Father Hawley, as he was everywhere affectionately called, was on that occasion the principal speaker. He was a man from whom goodness radiated, a genial presence, and, when he spoke in public, his utterance never lacked wit and pathos. What he said then went home to the mind and heart of at least one of his hearers at that annual

meeting. In the course of his remarks Father Hawley deplored the lack of a Sunday School in the part of the city lying between Albany Avenue on the north and Park Street on the south, and extending from the railroad station to West Hartford. He said: "In this district, which I have named, there is no Sunday School. There must be three hundred children or more who are deprived of Sunday School instruction by the distance which separates them from existing schools. People of Hartford, you must not expect me to do all your missionary work. I pray you, do some of it yourselves."

A lady, Mrs. Maria C. Metcalf, lived as far out in the suburbs as Broad Street, and, recognizing the fact that she was on the missionary ground indicated by the speaker, forthwith set herself to work on her own initiative. She visited every family in the district named, and induced a large number to attend a Sunday School when it could be organized. As indicating the changes in a locality now thickly settled, we may note that Mrs. Metcalf, in a letter written many years later, speaks of her attention being drawn to boys playing all Sunday in a grove near her home. Mrs. Metcalf was then living on the east side of Broad Street, between Farmington Avenue and the railroad. In a neighbor on Broad Street, Mrs. Joseph Kellogg, a sympathetic helper was found in these efforts for community uplift.

Application was then made to Erastus Collins, who was the chairman of the school district, for



permission to use the school building. Leave was readily granted. Before the end of November, 1860, the Sunday School was assembled in the schoolhouse. There were forty-nine pupils and seventeen teachers. This Sunday School, of which Mrs. Metcalf was the originator, had to share the building at first with the Sunday School of Trinity Church, then in course of evolution.\*

In connection with this project and succeeding problems, it is well to recall existing conditions. The dwellings were scattered at wide distances on the two avenues. On Farmington Avenue there was a large farm, with its barns, where now the Cathedral stands, with its school and bishop's residence. Opposite the Cathedral still stands a reminder of earlier times in the stone which marks the one mile distance from the center of Hartford. Over the little river to the west was a covered wooden bridge with its approaches planted with willows.

On Asylum Avenue there was at this time but one house on the north side from Sumner Street west to Sigourney Street. On the other side of the avenue in the same limits a frame house still standing opposite our church, it is said, had but one or two neighboring houses on the west. West of Sigourney Street there were perhaps five or six houses on either side to Woodland, with practically

\*Mrs. Metcalf was the wife of George Metcalf, who, during the Civil War, was a lieutenant in the Connecticut Light Battery. In the rotunda of the State Capitol is a shattered wheel inscribed with the places and dates of the engagements in which this Battery took part during the Civil War. Lieut. Metcalf lost his life near the close of the war.

nothing to the north and with but two or three houses to Prospect Hill.

Conveniences for travel on foot or by vehicle were very limited. At this time the grown people of religious proclivities, and a few of the children, attended the down-town churches on the Lord's Day. In the group best known to the writer the family carriage always brought its complement of children. The first line of horse cars did not appear on the Hill until 1863. Prior to this an old-fashioned omnibus was run out to Woodland Street. Later, when the tracks were snowed under, a covered conveyance on runners was put on, with primitive foot-warmers of straw, but the times of which we speak knew not these conveniences for travel. Public carriages were to be had by mailing an order to the livery from the central post-office or by sending a messenger to the city. All of the churches of our order were on or near Main Street. Under the circumstances, the old and feeble who were without private conveyances had to forego church privileges.

During a call which Rev. Mr. Calkins of the Center Church was making on his parishioners, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, a conversation arose as to the local difficulties in this regard. The discussion of the subject brought out the suggestion from Mr. Calkins that a neighborhood prayer-meeting might be profitable. The idea was accepted, and a prayer-meeting was thus started at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, and continued at neighbors' houses until the organization of the church

took the audience into the chapel. The first of these meetings probably was held in 1861.

About this time a memorable series of Bible instruction classes was inaugurated under the volunteer leadership of Professor Calvin E. Stowe. This was begun at the house of John Beach on Asylum Avenue, and was continued later in chapel and church with great interest on the part of those in continuous attendance.

Professor Stowe, although popularly known as the husband of the gifted author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was a scholar of repute, and a man of marked force and originality.\* He attracted and held his auditors to a degree that accounted for the growth and continuance of this class of Bible instruction. Besides his mental acumen, Professor Stowe was a man of picturesque personality. His skull-cap, flowing white beard and rotund person made him seem one of the ancient prophets to the younger portion of his audience.

Meantime, the Sunday School had grown and prospered.

To trace the beginnings of the church enterprise we cannot do better than quote the words of James S. Tryon, who was elected superintendent of the first Sunday School, in a paper on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church: "In the beginning this church was created by the necessities of the community. No one agency originated it. In the pro-

\*An illustration of the fact that a man may be obscured by a brilliant wife is found in this anecdote. The first house built by the Stowes was back of Capitol Avenue, near the river bank. A workman engaged upon the structure was asked for whom it was being built. He replied, "For the *Widder* Stowe."

cession of events, the Sunday School, the prayer-meeting, and Dr. Stowe's Bible Class were the instrumentalities. The object attracted all loving Christian hearts, and was greater than any person or than any instrument. The impelling force was divine, and it worked through the agencies named to produce this fair temple for the worship of God."

A meeting of citizens of the Hill was held at the office of J. M. Allen at the American Asylum on February 3, 1864, at which there were present seventeen gentlemen. The names are appended, for though they cannot mean much to the present generation, they should be held in grateful memory by our church. In the order given in the minutes they are as follows: Erastus Collins, Rev. J. R. Keep, John Beach, Samuel Coit, A. G. Hammond, E. K. Root, Henry French, Roderick Terry, J. A. Ayres, David E. Bartlett, Joseph Kellogg, Francis Gillette, Rev. Charles H. Bullard, J. M. Allen, M. Lord, A. M. Hurlbut and J. S. Tryon.

Mr. Collins stated the object of the meeting, to consider the wants of this locality in regard to establishing a Congregational Church on the Hill. He alluded to the great distance from the down-town churches as precluding the women and children of this locality from attending evening meetings, or more than one service on the Sabbath. He spoke also of the loss of interest in the down-town churches because of their being so far away. Unanimous assent was given to the suggestion of a

new church, and a committee was appointed to report on a site.

At an adjourned meeting held on February 6th, in addition to those named above, there were present Roland Mather, Joseph Church, William L. Collins, Mark Howard and Olcott Allen. There was considerable discussion as to a site, some favoring a location between Spring and Garden streets, others a lot on Farmington Avenue near Imlay Street. It is to be noted that the committee appointed to recommend a site for the new church represented different sections of the Hill in residence and property interests. This committee was Erastus Collins, Samuel Coit, A. M. Hurlbut, Olcott Allen, Henry French and Francis Gillette.

At a meeting held in the schoolhouse February 19, 1864, this committee reported on a site on the north side of Asylum Avenue west of Sumner Street. The report was accepted and the committee given power to purchase the lot. A committee was also appointed to solicit subscriptions to pay for the lot and to build a church. On June 29, 1864, the site recommended by the committee was approved. The lot was purchased from Francis J. Huntington, and contained 188 feet on Asylum Avenue, but later 20 feet were sold on the east. The original deed bears date of July 5, 1864. The grantor, Mr. Huntington, had built and then occupied the house on Prospect Avenue and Sycamore Road now owned by T. Belknap Beach.

Prior to the formation of the new society, the advice of the city churches was sought, and their

approval of the enterprise gained. It was realized that the establishment of the new church would draw away many useful members from the older churches, and there is on file a letter from the North Church, signed by Theodore Lyman as clerk, in which that church declines to send delegates to the advisory meeting for the reason that they were too much interested. We can bear them no resentment, for this church afterward gathered in both Christopher C. Lyman and his son Theodore. The former will long be remembered for his kindly bearing, generous giving and modest worth, and the latter served for many years as clerk of this church.

The new Ecclesiastical Society was organized at a meeting held at the schoolhouse on June 25, 1864. In the records of that meeting appears the name of C. J. Burnell as clerk, a gentleman who is still an officer of the Sunday School. Articles of association were subscribed by twenty-nine persons. The names of the first society's committee are of interest. They are Erastus Collins, A. G. Hammond, A. M. Hurlbut, Roderick Terry and E. H. Fenn. A building committee for the erection of the new church edifice was elected, as follows: Samuel Coit, William L. Collins, Henry French, Newton Case and J. M. Allen. On November 2, 1864, a committee of five was appointed to recommend a pastor. They were Rev. J. R. Keep, J. S. Tryon, A. G. Hammond, Erastus Collins and John Beach. Evidently the several committees named went to work with hearty good-will, for results were speed-



ily accomplished, both in proceeding with the building and in securing a pastor.

Those who now are concerned in matters of church finance will have sympathy for the gentlemen on whom devolved the task of raising in that new community \$100,000 and more for the lot and church buildings. The subscriptions ranged from sums less than \$50 to pledges of \$5,000 and \$6,000—the maximum being over \$10,000. Articles given included a horse, carpets, plank, a Bible, a communion table, and a lot, which latter was sold for \$2,900. The money to pay for the church site, \$10,000, was borrowed from the Society for Savings on a joint and several note of individuals, afterward assumed by the society. In the course of the building operations the indebtedness to the bank reached the sum of \$40,000, but was later reduced to \$23,000, which was styled “the permanent debt.” The cash received from donations was \$87,445.14. Happily, the debt incurred for building did not remain permanent, but was finally extinguished by gift and legacy. A dual pledge was signed by many—first a subscription for a stated sum, and then an engagement to take a pew for five years at \$200 per year.

It is of interest to remember that the times in 1864 were not unlike the present in that men’s minds were restless over the war in progress. Fifteen regiments and batteries had rendezvoused in the city of Hartford. Besides the presence of military camps, there was the frequent pageant of marching troops. The present war affects us in

many ways, but then the war came close home, when after each battle the lists of killed, wounded and missing were eagerly scanned for the name of a husband, son or brother. As we look back now we can see that prudence might have counseled delay until the times were normal. Nevertheless, the work of the committees went on apace. All who could give gave liberally and repeatedly, and pledged their credit for what it was necessary to borrow, the final debt waiting until the eighties for its extinguishment.

The building committee chose for its architect Patrick C. Keely, who gave us the present chapel and church building. The first entry on the books toward the cost of the church is an item for the architect's plans. The buildings were erected under the very careful and able supervision of Samuel Coit, the chairman of the building committee, and mostly by day work. It is probable that the architect's supervision did not extend to the final details in the original treatment of the interior.

Some items of interest about our architect have been contributed by his son, Dr. William A. Keely, of Brooklyn, N. Y. From these we take the following:

"P. C. Keely was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1815. He was educated in his native country and in England. In his early life he was associated with his father in the designing and erection of many noted buildings in both countries. In 1841 he came to America and immediately entered upon his professional career, which continued until his death in 1896. He was the architect of some four hundred ecclesiastical structures of various denominations. In New England he designed all the



Roman Catholic cathedrals, including St. Joseph's, on Farmington Avenue, in Hartford. He was the architect of many famous churches in Canada, among them the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Montreal, with the Jesuit Church and St. Patrick's in the same city. St. Francis Xavier Church in New York, sometimes said to be the finest specimen of Romanesque architecture on the continent, was designed by him. The picturesque Episcopal Church of the Redeemer in Brooklyn and the Jenkins Memorial Church in Baltimore, a beautiful Gothic structure, may be mentioned as other examples of his talent. Had Mr. Keely had the opportunity that the increased wealth and culture of this country now afford, the designs he made could have been put into complete execution and would stand as a great contribution to the art of architecture. With the means at his command he did perform wonders."

This notice also appeared in *The American Architect and Building News* of August 22, 1896:

"Among the architects, we have to record the death of several men of note. Of these the best known was probably Mr. Patrick C. Keely, who is said to have designed and built more than 600 Roman Catholic churches in this country, and to have had plans for fifty of them in preparation in his office at once. Mr. Keely was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1816. His father was an architect, and the son studied and practised with him until he was twenty-five years old, when he came to this country, settling in Brooklyn. He soon found employment, and was thenceforth probably the busiest architect in the United States. He is said to have built every Roman Catholic cathedral in New York, except the one in New York City, and he designed many more in New England and Canada, besides a few Protestant churches. Of course, with such an enormous press of work, no architect could devote much time to studying refinement of design, but his work was always skilful and clever, and often very interesting. His best work is probably the Jesuit Church on Sixteenth Street, New York City."

The church building was erected without its steeple, which was given in 1875 by Roland Mather, at a cost of \$19,000. The initial cost of the land was \$10,000, and of the buildings \$106,208.58. The cornerstone of the church was

laid in May, 1865. The excavation had been made the previous year, and the stone-work was begun vigorously in the early spring of 1865—an item in the *Courant* of April 3, 1865, reporting that “27 masons, 12 stone-cutters and 32 laborers are now at work upon the new church.” The stone-work was under the superintendence of Andrew Brabason. All this work was done by the day, and was well done, as the years have proved. The diary of one of the building committee, William L. Collins, mentions with some pride the rich color of the rock-faced Portland stone and the hammer-dressed trim. He speaks also of the cornices and window-casings of stone, showing no woodwork from the outside.

The chapel appears to have been completed by March, 1865, at which time there is a record of a church service, at which Dr. Bushnell preached. We have the record of the first communion service held in the chapel on June 11, 1865, at which twelve members of the Sunday School were received into the church upon profession. Church services were held in the chapel continuously thereafter until the completion of the church building.

“On March 23, 1865,” our first Manual says, “the church was organized in the ancient New England method by formally accepting a creed and covenant which had been previously prepared. Of the whole number, 114, which constituted the church at its organization, 40 were from the Center Church, 33 from the North, 25 from the Pearl

Street, 4 from the Fourth, 2 from the South, and the remaining 10 from churches out of the city."

The committee on the choice of a pastor seem to have had their attention early called to a young man recently a chaplain of the 71st New York Regiment, Joseph Hopkins Twichell by name. We learn of no others being considered, and it is probably true that with this young army chaplain in view no search was made for another. Mr. Twichell's home had been in Southington, his college days were passed at New Haven, and it was natural that a man who made friends wherever he went should have many such in Hartford, where he was a frequent visitor in college and seminary days. He had already become a friend of Dr. Bushnell, and it is probable that the suggestion of the name came from this authoritative source, since a daughter of Dr. Bushnell recalls that Mr. Twichell in his seminary days, while visiting at the Austin Dunham home, took part in the mid-week service at the old North Church, and since a member of our church recalls that Dr. Bushnell stated to her father that he knew no young man of greater promise as a preacher than Mr. Twichell.

On report of the committee, a call was extended to Mr. Twichell, and this is his reply:

"HON. FRANCIS GILLETTE,  
Chairman of Committee, etc.,  
DEAR SIR:

It gives me great pleasure to notify you that after long and prayerful deliberation, aided by the counsels of godly and competent men, I have become persuaded that it is my duty toward God, toward the people whom you represent, and toward myself, to accept the call you have extended to me to the pastorate

of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. Hoping that the Great Head of the Church has guided me to this decision and that the fruits of my ministry among you (if I shall be spared to enter upon it) will show that we all have the mind of Christ in this transaction, I remain,

Yours in Christian Fellowship,

Hartford, Conn.,  
Aug. 8, 1865."

JOSEPH HOPKINS TWICHELL.

In the conventional language for such occasions, letters missive were issued calling a council "to examine the candidate and, if deemed expedient, to install him as pastor of the church." Pastors of the five Congregational churches of Hartford, of his own church in Southington, also from New Haven, Farmington and Franklin, were present. Conspicuous among them all were Dr. Horace Bushnell and Dr. Joel Hawes. This was on December 13, 1865, the service being held in the chapel. After the examination was satisfactorily concluded, the service of installation was begun. Dr. Bacon of New Haven made the installing prayer and Dr. Bushnell gave the charge to the people. The latter took occasion to congratulate the church on having a young pastor with whom they could grow up.

The day of dedication was June 15, 1866. It is of interest to know how the church appeared on that occasion to the impartial observer, and a quotation is made from the *Courant* of the next day:

"The audience-room of the Asylum Hill Church is very pleasant, and in all respects very beautifully arranged. It is not gaudy, but exceedingly neat and modest. The windows are the only flashy adornments which strike the eye, being of colored glass, and there is nothing particularly out of taste in them, though a little less color would, perhaps, be more in keeping with the plain finish surrounding."

The day dawned bright—a typical New England June day. Dr. Bushnell, dear to the heart of our pastor as long as the former lived, offered the dedicatory prayer. Professor Park of Andover preached the sermon, long, interesting and thoughtful, and worthy of the occasion. As one who listened understandingly writes, “It almost marked an era in one’s life to hear Dr. Park preach. His sermons were invariably long, but had a wonderful holding power on his audience.”

The limit of this recital is reached with the dedication of the church edifice. It only remains to recall a few of the individuals of those early times never to be forgotten by those who knew them.

Chaplain Henry Clay Trumbull was a frequent visitor in the Sunday School. Those who heard him speak will never forget his original personality, his enthusiastic devotion to his religion and to his country.

Major Henry W. Camp, “The Knightly Soldier” of his friend’s (Henry Clay Trumbull) biography, was a member of our first Sunday School, a high school boy, and a graduate of the Yale class of 1860. He was distinguished for manly beauty, physical and intellectual vigor, nobility and strength of character. He was killed October 13, 1864, on the Darbytown Road near Richmond, Virginia, while leading a charge of his regiment.

Of those prominent in the church in those days might be mentioned the brothers William L. and Erastus Collins. Of the latter another writes (for



the historian is disqualified by reason of his near relationship): "It would hardly seem as if the church could have been established without Erasmus Collins."

With them was James S. Tryon, whose genial and earnest nature endeared him to all. Rev. John R. Keep, A. G. Hammond, J. M. Allen were, with the others named, men who were personally attractive, high-minded and spiritual. E. K. Root and David E. Bartlett lengthen but do not complete a list of men who would adorn any community, but to whom our own is under special obligation.

In this mention of some to whom we owe especial gratitude, the ladies are not to be forgotten. Mrs. Metcalf's work in forming the Sunday School deserves our grateful remembrance. Mrs. Bartlett, who went in and out among us for so many years, will be remembered for the part that she took in opening her house for the first neighborhood prayer meeting, as well as for her saintly face and character. Mrs. Charles P. Howard, Mrs. Maria E. C. Strong and Miss Mary F. Collins, Mrs. James Hammond Trumbull, were all helpful in Sunday School and church activities in those pioneer days.

To them and to all who had a share in this enterprise the dedication of the church on that June day in 1866 was a blessed fruition of their hopes and a reward for their labors.

## THE EARLY DAYS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

MRS. MARY BARTLETT MACDONALD

In 1860 "The Hill" was but the western fringe of the little town of Hartford, and most of its few houses stood in their roomy grounds along the two main roads into the country, Asylum and Farmington Avenues.

Beyond Sumner Street, Asylum Avenue ran straight out, on its northern side past almost unbroken fields, which extended nearly to Willard Street; on its south side there were a few houses beyond Sumner Street, and then fields, past which a lane wandered off to Sigourney Street, leaving an irregularly triangular patch in the middle of the avenue. This was covered with trees and bushes—a no man's land beloved of the children. Where the Sigourney Street block now is there was a chain of ponds, shallow, but covering a good deal of ground. If you did not mind patches of grass sticking up here and there, it was the best possible place for skating, and especially for playing "shinney," a place never objected to by even those timid folk, our fathers and mothers. If we did break through the ice, we could hardly even get wet. On summer evenings the frogs used to give us fine orchestral open-air concerts—the only ones we had in those days—and the picture of Dr. Calvin Stowe, with his flowing white hair and beard, as he often stood in rapt enjoyment of the deep

diapason of the double-bass viols of that orchestra, comes to mind at the recollection of these concerts. Beyond the ponds there were fields again, as far as Willard Street, then a few large places on both sides of the avenue. Woodland Street was the real jumping-off place into the country, and from there we used to take long walks that were veritable voyages of discovery into the great world. In winter, Prospect Hill was a great place for coasting. We might meet an infrequent sleigh, but it was sure to turn out for us, and we were not at all afraid that we would meet an automobile. Some of the boys used to draw some of the girls up the hill on their sleds.

There were a few houses on Spring, Garden and Collins Streets; but beyond the reservoir the latter was just a country lane bordered by brooks, which were lined with ferns and bushes and trees. Another lane led from it out into the fields and ended at the Almshouse, over towards Albany Avenue. On Farmington Avenue, also, there were large places. On the corner of Flower Street a bit of forest had been left, extending to Queen Street; beyond that, toward the railroad, were operatives' houses. From the Asylum grounds a little brook started and rollicked down the hill—a brook with ferns and flowering water-plants growing in it, quite deep enough to sail chip boats upon, especially if you picked out the pebbles at obstructive turns, and you could get delightfully wet playing with it.

From Day's Point, as we called it then, and still



do, there were toward the west four houses in grounds which reached from one avenue to the other. Then came the West Middle District schoolhouse, a bare, barn-like structure with staring windows and absolutely no features that could be called architectural. A long, straight walk ran from Asylum to Farmington Avenue past the girls' door on the east side, and one precisely like it past the boys' door on the west side. Tucked away in the southwest corner of the schoolyard and facing towards Farmington Avenue stood the Primary School building, quite as guiltless of architectural embellishment as the larger one.

In this little schoolhouse was the first meeting of our Sunday School, and the story of how it came to be held we shall hear from the lady who brought it about. She was Mrs. George Metcalf, who lived in the wilds of Broad Street, then a region of partially reclaimed clay-banks, where the railroad had been cut. Years after, in 1900, Mrs. Metcalf wrote a letter to Mrs. Bartlett, in which she tells of the beginnings of the school as follows:

"Father Hawley, in one of his reports to the Hartford City Missionary Society held [in 1860] in the Pearl Street Church, said: 'Dear friends, don't leave me to do all the missionary work in this city. We can all be missionaries.' And as I heard I remembered how I had been pained, on the Sabbath Day, by seeing idle and noisy boys playing in a grove on Broad Street, where I lived, and I was impressed with a sense of the destitution of our neighborhood, in that no place was open in our locality where such children could be taught a better way of life. I bowed my head and heard but little more; but I thought and prayed to our Heavenly Father to strengthen me that I might do some missionary work; and that night I formed my plan of action. . Within a week I had visited every family west of

the railway station, to the city line, and obtained the promise of about ninety children of all classes to attend the first meeting of the Sunday School, which would be held on the succeeding Sunday in the smaller of the two schoolhouses of the West Middle District. . I made a personal appeal to nearly fifty of the business men of Hartford for funds to defray the expenses of the school, and most generous was the response—indeed, we never lacked funds for our current expenses. The school flourished and grew until your lovely church was built, when it became the school of your church.”

Thus was the school started and maintained upon the basis of subscriptions by heads of families then living upon the Hill. The list includes practically all of them, besides some other prominent men of the down-town churches. Of all those who helped in the foundation of the school, and later of the church, to Mr. Erastus Collins, more than to any one else, our gratitude is due for his immediate and generous response to the suggestion that a school should be started and for his hearty co-operation and unfailing interest in its work and welfare. His share later in the expense of the building and maintenance of the church, as well as in the outreach of its benevolences, so long as he remained with us, was the lion's share. The whole story of his generosity and manifold usefulness could be recorded only by the angels, for there were few who knew how much he did to help not only our church, but also the needy in our community; he was one of those who silently go about doing good. The kindly spirit which shone in the faces of Mr. Collins and of that sweet and gracious lady, his wife, dear to all who knew her, will always be held in grateful remembrance.

The earliest record of the school reads as follows:

November 4, 1860. "This was the first meeting of the friends of the school, called together on the personal invitation of Mrs. Maria C. Metcalf to inaugurate the new school. Mr. A. G. Hammond conducted the exercises. There were forty-nine children of both sexes present, and nineteen adults, most of whom volunteered their services as permanent teachers. Short addresses were made by Mr. Hammond, Mr. Francis Gillette, Mr. Kingsbury, Mr. Bissell and others. Hymns were sung and prayer was made. There was no classification of the children this Sabbath, but the hour was passed in the above general exercises, which were all of a dedicatory character."

A meeting was held on Wednesday of the following week to adopt a constitution and elect officers. The elections resulted as follows: Mr. James S. Tryon, Superintendent; Mrs. George Metcalf, Assistant; Mr. J. G. Baldwin, Librarian; Mr. George Metcalf, Treasurer. Mr. Tryon continued to hold the office of Superintendent until the school became that of the church and for many years after. Mrs. Metcalf was his assistant until 1865, except for a long absence, during which she was doing hospital work in the war. Her place was filled for a time by Miss Lathrop and later by Miss Lily Gillette, afterward Mrs. George Warner.

The earliest teachers were Mrs. E. C. Bacon, Miss Lucy Brainard, Miss M. A. Hulls, Miss Mary Frances Collins, Miss Mary Lyman Collins, Miss Frances Collins, now Mrs. Palmer, Miss Sophia Cowan, afterwards Mrs. Elisha Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hammond, Dr. and Mrs. James Hammond Trumbull, Miss M. C. Green-

law, Mrs. David E. Bartlett, Mrs. William N. Matson, Mrs. G. W. Curtiss, Mrs. S. N. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kellogg, Mr. Cheney, Miss Annie Richmond, afterwards Mrs. William Fletcher, Mrs. William L. Squire. Others who came soon after the beginning were Miss Lathrop, Miss Annie Trumbull, afterwards Mrs. Slosson, Miss Lily Gillette, afterwards Mrs. George Warner, Mrs. Maria C. Strong, Miss Cornelia Camp, Mr. David Bartlett.

Of the very first teachers Miss Frances Collins, now Mrs. Palmer, is the only one still among us. She must have been a very young teacher! Others who came later and are still living are Miss Cornelia Camp and Mr. and Mrs. Burnell, who taught for many years. Mr. Burnell has held various offices in the course of his long connection with the school. He has been secretary and treasurer many times; was Assistant Superintendent, both with Mr. Tryon and with Mr. Twichell; and has been untiring in his work as head of the Home Department, which he founded in 1900. He is still among us, and his long and faithful devotion claims our gratitude. In a reminiscent paper, read to the church in 1891, Mr. Tryon said of his first helpers in the school, "We cannot reproduce to the church the glow, the enthusiasm, the interest, the absolute unselfishness and loyalty of the teachers of that little school. . . The feeling of absorbing interest in the welfare of the school was felt by every teacher." He spoke especially of Mrs. Joseph Kellogg and Miss Lathrop as "really marvellous

women." And "really marvellous" could be said of all that little band of workers. The character which stood behind their teachings was of a convincing, personal quality which drew us by our great respect as well as love, and made us wish to be like them. There was time, in those days, for a fine, leisurely development of thought and feeling which, especially in the range of the spiritual life, found expression in a fervor as well as grace in look and in speech that is rare in these bustling days of ours.

Of the earliest scholars, those who are still living in Hartford are Atwood Collins, Albert B. Gillette, John M. Holcombe, Sarah L. Gillette (Mrs. Loomis), Carrie L. Pierson (Mrs. H. H. Keep), Alice Collins (Mrs. S. G. Dunham), Nettie Collins (Mrs. D. R. Howe), Carrie Collins (Mrs. C. W. Page), Nellie C. Spencer (Mrs. C. E. Gross), Ella Hurlburt (Mrs. George Fisher), Alice Bunce, Mary Bartlett (Mrs. D. B. Macdonald). Those still living who have moved away from Hartford are James Seymour Tryon, Henry T. Terry, Edward and Lyman Wiley, Jennie Terry, Arnold Kellogg, Carrie Kellogg and Maggie Bartlett. I have given the names as they appear upon the record. If I have made any omissions I would be grateful for correction.

Mrs. Metcalf's idea in starting the school was evidently that it should be largely a mission school, to include families living near the railroad and beyond, and this was carried out. Such names as Bena, Profit, McCanna, Roustan, Porteus and



others not now upon our roll show that many from outside our immediate neighborhood were in the school. When we moved into our new building, no doubt many stopped coming because our church was in a neighborhood quite apart from their own. In later years missions were established in the region bordering upon the railroad; but it has always been difficult to persuade people living there to come to our church and Sunday School.

On November 11, 1860, was held the first session of the school after its organization, with an attendance of 14 teachers and 74 scholars. The record says, "The people of the neighborhood testified their interest in the good work to-day. There were twelve visitors present." After this fine beginning it must have been disappointing to have a decided falling off in numbers at the second meeting, when only 60 children came. This is accounted for by unpleasant weather. The record adds, "But one colored boy came through the rain and cold without a coat, a thin apron being substituted for it."

On December 2d the school moved into the larger building. The upper story was already occupied by the Sunday School of Trinity Church parish, whose church on Sigourney Street was being built. It was completed soon after, and our school then had the whole house to itself. It soon occupied every available space, even the passages leading to the stairways.

The school exercises were conducted with abundant time for everything; we had no other engagements for Sunday afternoon. We did a great

deal of singing under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Kellogg, our chorister; our song-book was "The Sunday School Bell," and we knew it by heart before another one was selected. We had four periodicals, which were distributed in rotation, one each Sunday. They were "The Golden Chain," "The Child at Home," "The Wellspring" and "Early Dawn." Later, others are mentioned, "The Child's Paper," "The Youth's Sunday School Banner" and "The Child's World." We started with about fifty books in the library, which were in great demand. We were not flooded with periodicals and books, instructive or otherwise, written down to the childish mind. Many of us were not allowed to read novels for grown-ups, always excepting Sir Walter Scott's and a very few others, and our Sunday School library was most carefully selected.

What contributed, perhaps, more than anything else, to the harmony and well-being of the school was the weekly teachers' meeting, which was kept up from its very beginning and during the greater part of its whole history. At first it was held immediately after each school session, then for a long time at Mr. J. M. Allen's apartment at the Asylum, and later at the houses of some of the teachers. This was not a very formal meeting; they studied the lessons together and talked freely about the problems of their work, and thus kept closely in touch.

There are on the record references to "the prayer meeting," and the scholars were invited to

attend it. Many years later, in a sketch made by the request of Mr. Atwood Collins, who was preparing a review of the early history of the church, Mrs. Bartlett wrote that in 1861, soon after Mr. Calkins came to Hartford to preach at the Centre Church, he suggested to her that there should be a neighborhood prayer meeting on the Hill. His suggestion was followed, and Mrs. Bartlett went about to her neighbors, and invited them to meet at her house and start such a meeting, to be held once a week, as it was difficult for many to attend the mid-week meetings at the down-town churches. This project was cordially received, and the first meeting was held at Mr. Bartlett's house (February 10th?), being led by Rev. Dr. Robbins—a near neighbor. From that time on the meetings were regularly and fully attended at the different houses on the Hill, until they and the Sabbath School were merged into the Asylum Hill Congregational Church and its Sunday School.

On April 14, 1861, was recorded the great event which had come like a bolt from the blue, the news of the firing upon Fort Sumter. From that time, through the troubled years which followed, the war with its anxieties and sadness touched us at many points, though mostly through its effects upon our elders. Mr. Metcalf went to the war, Mrs. Metcalf also, as a nurse; and the Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, and Henry Camp, "The Knightly Soldier" of later fame, said good-by to us to go to the front. They always came, on their flying visits home, and talked to us about their experi-



ences in the war. None of us, I am sure, can forget the day when Chaplain Trumbull told us of the splendid sacrifice of Henry Camp's young life, of the good he had done among the soldiers and of his loyalty unto death. Even those too young to have known him well were touched by the tears of those who did, and we all wept together.

During the first year the attendance ranged from 140 to 26. This low number was accounted for by bad weather; but a picnic which had taken place the day before appears to have been too exhausting, as the school had walked in procession the whole distance out into the country, to "Gillette's Grove," on the corner of Farmington Avenue and Forest Street! It was our first picnic, and the Sunday School of the old North Church had joined us in our march under "The Flag," singing as we marched. The record says, "Everything was done for happy pleasure, and all were satisfied." Truly, a wonderful picnic!

Our first "Sabbath School Concert" was on July 28, 1861. This was not, as the name may suggest, primarily a musical entertainment. It was a general exercise, and its distinctive feature was the reciting of Scripture verses and of hymns by the school. To quote the record, "The room was full of teachers, scholars and their friends. Nearly every boy and girl repeated a verse. Then singing; then Mr. Brigham gave us a message of love from 'The Union Sabbath School.' Father Hawley and Mr. Hammond spoke also, and all three told anecdotes about children in connection

with their work. Mr. Tryon spoke of 'Voices.' The concert closed with singing 'America.' " After this the Concert came once a month. The exercises were varied from time to time; but always a word was given out on the previous Sunday, and the recitations were chosen to contain that word. Such words as "prayer," "salvation," "tongue," "son" and "father" were among those selected. Sometimes the whole school recited in unison, or certain classes would be prepared to do it by themselves. Sometimes a few boys and girls were appointed to recite from the platform—a fearful ordeal!

Visitors and their talks to the children were always a large element in our services, especially in these Sabbath School Concerts. It was as if the dwellers on the Hill had planted a new garden and loved to watch its growth and flowering. Father Hawley, of blessed memory, Mr. E. P. Hammond, the evangelist, Rev. Henry Clay Trumbull, Mr. Francis Gillette, Mr. Erastus Collins, Mr. William Collins, Mr. J. M. Allen, Mr. Nelson Kingsbury, Mr. Charles Bunce and Mr. David Bartlett were among those most frequently mentioned as addressing the school in these early days. Many anecdotes, amusing sometimes and always edifying, were told, and from these friends there was always an earnest appeal to us to love God and live by the teachings of Christ. We received also from these talks an outreaching sense of the great world outside of our limited experience, especially when missionaries came and told

us about their people and the countries where they lived and worked. All this was a large part of our general development as well as of our spiritual growth.

Sunday School, or "Sabbath School," as we always called it then, never seemed dull to us. The warm, loving enthusiasm of our beloved superintendent, Mr. Tryon, was a wonderful impetus, and, with such a staff of teachers as he had, it is not wonderful that the school proved a success. Its whole atmosphere was that of a large, harmonious family, and there was always a genial air of enjoyment about it. Sabbath School was something to look forward to, partly, it must be confessed, because there were so many things that we could not do on Sunday, when children suffered much from bottled-up energy. We could not go to walk, nor loiter about together, nor visit, and even writing letters must have a very good reason for not being put off. Legitimate entertainment, such as Sabbath School afforded with its social elements, was a great relief. The teachers could not have been very comfortable, for they had to sit on the little fixed chairs between the desks and twist round to their classes as they could. The young men used to perch on the desks, sometimes, the better to keep the attention of their scholars.

On February 9, 1862, it was announced that four prizes would be given to those who could bring the four longest lists of names and titles of Our Lord to be found in the Bible. On June 1st the prizes were awarded. Twenty-nine lists were offered.

The record is incomplete and ends thus: "The first prize consisted of an elegantly bound . . ." There it breaks off, and in another handwriting is added, "Information is wanted on this subject." Well, if any one is interested, here is the Bible. I happened to be the one who received it. Information is still wanted in regard to the recipients of the other three prizes.

On October 6th an innovation was announced. It had been decided at a meeting of the teachers that the school was to recite the Lord's Prayer every Sabbath. This does not appear to have excited any opposition or criticism, such as followed the introduction of the same custom, many years later, in the church service.

During 1863 the school seems to have gone on its placid way with few happenings. The enrollment continued to be 20 teachers and 169 scholars. The attendance was very fluctuating, and, according to the record, it was a noteworthy circumstance that the inclement weather seemed to affect the attendance of the boys more than that of the girls.

In this year was started another auxiliary of the school. Dr. Calvin Stowe, who had recently come to Hartford to live, came to Mr. Tryon and asked if he could not have a Bible Class in the school. It was found that there was no room, but Mr. John Beach immediately offered his parlor for the new class, and it was held there until it was transferred to our chapel in 1865.

Of all the various activities of a Sunday School, nothing is more important than its response to the

needs of the world. If we love Him who went about doing good, we cannot help giving—it is the very breath of our spiritual life. In the early days of our school, it does not appear that this duty and privilege was much enjoined upon us, perhaps because we had some children among us who could not bring many pennies. Such calls as came were met from the treasury, which treasury seemed to us a bottomless purse for whose replenishing we felt no responsibility. If Chaplain Trumbull called for money for Bibles and hymn-books for the soldiers, “some ready hand,” to quote Mr. Tryon, “would be lifted as a sign to the superintendent that the boys wished to make a motion, and then, invariably, all the money we had in the treasury was given on the spot.” The children’s gifts were inconsiderable. The first record of a contribution being taken up was on January 9, 1861. The amount was two cents from the Infant Class—the object not being designated. The next Sunday our gifts were swelled to the large sum of six cents, four from that generous Infant Class, one from Miss Mary L. Collins’ class and one from Mr. Hurlbut’s. Once in the course of the year as much as \$1.20 was raised; but this noble effort was followed by a barren period. However, on November 24th it is recorded that the contribution amounted to one cent, and the school sang, “Stand up, stand up for Jesus!” In 1863 and 1864 we began to feel our responsibilities a little more, and the record makes a better showing.

On June 26, 1864, it was noted that during the

previous week a new society had been formed on the Hill, styled "The Asylum Hill Ecclesiastical Society." The project had been in the air for some time, and at last final action had been taken.

Echoes from the war appear continually upon the records. On July 11th the bulletin was, "Rebs in Maryland," but even then many of us had very little idea of what it all meant, except as we saw the gravity of its events reflected upon the faces of our elders. But when, on May 22, 1864, it was announced that Lieutenant Metcalf had been killed at Fort Darling, it brought to us a more definite feeling of its solemn issues. Mr. Metcalf had been a devoted friend of the school from its beginning.

The year 1865, which was to see our last days in the old schoolhouse and our first in our new church home, opened with an attendance of 21 teachers and 116 scholars. Our farewell to our first shelter, on March 5th, does not seem to have been a formal one, and the next Sunday found us in the new chapel, where we felt very proud, but not quite at home. The service was given up to dedicatory exercises. Col. George P. Bissell and Father Hawley reviewed the history of the school from its beginning in 1860, recognizing Mrs. Metcalf's share in its formation and in its life and work. Mr. Nelson Kingsbury made the school a birthday present of \$500 for new books for the library, and requested that Mrs. Maria Strong should be asked to expend it for that purpose.



The Monthly Concert came on the next Sunday, and it was noticeable that the recitations could scarcely be heard. The platform was then at the west end, in the recess now occupied by the west vestibule, and our seats were long rows of settees facing it. This arrangement made it seem much larger than it does now, and also more difficult for speaking.

Mrs. Metcalf resigned her office, though she continued to help as a teacher until she went to live elsewhere. Her hopeful zeal had started the school and had been a large element in its success, and we owe much to her. Mrs. Maria Strong was chosen to take her place; Mr. Burnell was elected Secretary and Mr. Joseph Kellogg Treasurer. Another Assistant Superintendent was added and Mr. C. H. Gildersleeve was elected.

On June 1st Mr. Twichell preached for us for the first time. His sermon was upon "The Tendency of the Human Heart to Worship." On the following Sunday was held our first Communion service. It was administered by Rev. Dr. Daggett and Dr. Noah Porter. Eleven members of the school were admitted upon confession of their faith—Willard Roberts, John Knapp, Henry French, Clarissa Larned, Alice Longley, Louise Cleveland, Ellen Root, Mary Strong, Anna Terry, Mary Bartlett and Margaret Bartlett. To quote from the record, "The service was very impressive and its influences were manifest in the school to-day—an unusual thoughtfulness and seriousness pervading it."



On November 5th the time of the Sunday School session was changed from half-past two to two o'clock, so that we might attend Professor Stowe's Bible lecture at four. We needed plenty of time for Sunday School then. This lecture was a continuation of the Bible Class already mentioned. It was held in the church for several years, and many came from other churches to enjoy with us the privilege of listening to Dr. Stowe's luminous expositions.

On December 7th the school was visited for the first time by Mr. and Mrs. Twichell, and on that day, unknown to them, a special contribution was taken up for a welcoming present. Mr. Twichell was installed during the following week.

On Thursday, December 28th, we had our first Christmas tree. "A Song of Welcome," composed for the occasion by Mr. Bartlett, was sung; and then the presents were given out by our new pastor, who stood near the tree in the blaze of its many lights, in all the glory of his splendid physique and his manly beauty, and we gazed upon him with great interest and approval. His wonderful wife we came to know and love later, as her quiet, winning personality made itself felt more and more as the years went on. Mr. Twichell entered into this our first celebration of Christmas in our new chapel with much enthusiasm. His unfamiliarity with the names and ages of the scholars added greatly to the hilarity of the occasion, as when he called, "Willie, Willie, come and get your present; don't be afraid!" and a tall, awkward

youth had to go forward reluctantly, with the school laughing at him.

At the end of the year we had gained in numbers and had a registry of over 200 and an average attendance of 155.

On June 15, 1866, our new church was dedicated, and thereafter the chapel was no longer used for the Sunday services of the church.

From the beginning of the school until November, 1866, the Bible study had been entirely in the New Testament. The verses of the lesson were always learned by heart and recited in the classes before being explained by the teachers. Our first lessons were in John's Gospel, the other evangelists followed. The courses of lessons were prepared, for the most part, by Mr. Tryon, Mrs. Strong, Miss Mary F. Collins and Mrs. Bartlett. A series of lessons was taken up in November, 1863, which was prepared by Mrs. J. Hammond Trumbull, upon "The First Works of the Apostles." This course continued until March, 1866, when it was followed by one on "The Parables and Miracles of Our Lord," arranged by Mr. Tryon and Mrs. Bartlett. In November of the same year a course was begun which was presented by Miss Collins. Besides giving her time and strength for this work, Miss Collins had had the course printed for the use of the school. Other schools asked the privilege of using it, after we had introduced it. The next course, prepared for the year 1871 by Mr. Tryon and Mrs. Bartlett, was upon "The Life of Our Lord Arranged Chronologi-

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cally." For 1872 we adopted the International lessons.

Our Concert Lessons became more elaborate and were carefully prepared by Mr. Tryon, with the help of the teachers. Of one of these exercises it was said by Dr. Hammond Trumbull, "It was the first of its kind in the country, and started the preparation of such lessons in other places than Hartford." Dr. Trumbull himself prepared the lesson for one of these Concerts; it was upon "The Existence and Attributes of God as Revealed by the Psalmist." To give you a little of the atmosphere of these Concerts I will quote the description of this one from the record:

"The recitations all being from the Psalms, included the most eloquent, glowing and inspiring of the old poet's utterances, as well as the most tender, touching and beautiful. At the conclusion of the recitations, Mr. Twichell addressed a few pleasant, practical remarks to the school on the value of having the head, and especially the heart, stored with the glorious truths of the Bible, and closed with a touching appeal to the children to all embrace Christ and experience the joys of salvation. Altogether a very delightful service, and enjoyed by an unusually large number of visitors."

Singing was a large part of these services. In one we sang seven times. No two services were alike; the goddess Method, whose other name is Uniformity, had not yet been enthroned. The content was more to the teacher of that day than the process of teaching. What to teach came first, not how to teach; that was left more to the individual and to inspiration; and original ways of teaching and of carrying on the exercises of our school were instinctively and successfully chosen and carried

out. Mr. Tryon, especially, was much too individual and original to walk in any beaten path.

At the beginning of 1871 Mrs. Strong resigned her office, and Mrs. Bartlett was chosen to take her place. As a teacher Mrs. Strong had, from the beginning, given her warm interest and greatly valued help. Her six years' service as Assistant Superintendent was of no less value to Mr. Tryon and to the school, and her retirement was much regretted. Mrs. Strong and her much-loved sister, Miss Mary Frances Collins, were true exponents of the type, lovingly remembered, of the gentle, Christian lady, whose courtesy never failed and whose kindliness was expressed with the charm and grace of a day that has passed.

Mrs. Bartlett was re-elected to this office every year as long as she lived, although for many years before her death, in 1907, she had been unable to perform its duties. In 1893 Miss Susan Clark was elected to assist Mrs. Bartlett, and she continued to be Assistant Superintendent until the end of the year 1910, when she resigned the office which she had most ably filled, after an uninterrupted connection with the school of thirty-six years—the longest, without a break, of any of its members. In Mr. Atwood Collins' beautiful tribute to Mrs. Bartlett, in his history of the church for 1907, he says, "Mrs. Bartlett's personality was wonderfully benignant, and the reflection of the Christian virtues. She imparted unconsciously to all who knew her a desire for a like purity of motive and life." Mr. Twichell wrote of her, "A

right royal, good woman she truly was, as good as she was modest, a servant of God, worthy of all honor, who filled up her days with duty and unselfishness, who in the highest and best sense made a success of life." He was accustomed almost from the beginning of his ministry with us to call her "Mother," and his love and friendship were always most precious to her.

During the seventies the school grew to an enrollment of 538, and on one memorable Sunday there were 404 members present. Its activities also were greatly increased. A Mission Band was formed by the young girls. The Young People's Meeting, the Broad Street Sunday School and Prayer-meeting, and, later, similar ones in Glenwood, the Sewing School, the Boys' Prayer-meeting—all these were started and maintained by teachers and scholars of our school. The coming of the Chinese boys of the Educational Commission, and their share in the life of the school, would form in itself an important chapter, which must be omitted here.

Two large Bible classes, one for men and one for women, belong to this period. The first was called "The Old Men's Class," and was taught first by Mr. Bartlett and later by Judge Carpenter. The "Old Men" were the most light-hearted of all the scholars, to judge by the sounds of hilarity that used to come from the platform at the west end, where they sat. The ladies' class was taught by Judge Barbour. The Infant Class also had a large place in the life of the school. In its earliest days



Miss Lily Gillette's and later Mrs. Coleman's and Mrs. Chapman's loving Christian nurture of the little ones reach over these first twenty years of our early history, and their helpers all deserve honorable mention, which want of time forbids. Also the good work of the Missionary Society, established in 1866 and kept up in various forms to this day, with its adoption of a special missionary and its gifts to many home and foreign missions, should have a large place in a full history.

It would be a pleasure to speak individually of the men and women of fine Christian character who so generously gave themselves to the work of the school, and who so greatly enriched and strengthened it; to dilate upon the virtues and great abilities of each one, the invigorating impulse to the Christian life given by Mrs. Ezra Clark, Jr., and later by Mrs. Twichell, to the large class of girls who afterward became teachers and carried on their work; to recognize the remarkable personal influence of Mrs. Charles Howard, with her witty and convincing way of putting things; the intellectual quality of Miss Margaret Blythe's teachings; the faithful and affectionate devotion of Miss Julia Burbank; the manifold and valued usefulness of Mrs. Frances Palmer—there is really no place to stop, and yet it is impossible even to mention the names upon the long roll—truly a roll of honor.

Time fails as well for even a catalogue of our various doings and happenings during those eventful years—of the Christmas and Easter services so

carefully prepared and so beautifully carried out; of our picnics, Christmas parties and other festivities, including the famous tea-party when we gave a substantial supper to over seven hundred people, and the no less famous fair and spelling-match that have passed into tradition.

At the beginning of the year 1880 Mr. Tryon insisted upon giving over to our pastor the charge that he had so faithfully cherished for twenty years, except for an interval of five years, from 1872 to 1877, when he was obliged to be out of town a great deal, and when Mr. William Willard took his place most acceptably. To do justice to Mr. Tryon and to his work for us would be quite impossible. As the trusted friend and loving father of the school his memory is treasured in the hearts of all those who were his children and who later were co-workers with him as teachers. The spirit of Christ shone from his face and inspired his whole life, and his wonderful intuition and sympathetic nature gave him a remarkable power of influencing others. Never was a Sunday School Superintendent more loved.

Mr. Twichell's leadership belongs to another chapter of the school's history. He became the inspirer and teacher of its teachers, and the friend of every one of its boys and girls. As pastor and superintendent in one he made the relation of the school to the church closer than ever, and the love that he gave and received kept undisturbed the wonderful harmony that has given our school so great an amount not only of happiness, but also



of strength. Of Mr. Twichell, our friend and pastor, few words have been left to this historian, after all the tributes of the past week ; but he knows that the days of the years that have bound us to him and to his beloved wife are like the beads of a long rosary, each one standing for a silent prayer for them.

And now we who are so very old, and who have had our day, and have done things in our own way so long, are glad to turn over our beloved school to you of the rising generations. We do not even insist upon giving you the benefit of our experience in the way of advice. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." You have everything in your favor—you are starting out with a fine new minister, a better-than-new church, and, we trust, deep and earnest consecration to your work in God's kingdom on earth. You have a bright future before you, and we give you our blessing and wish you God-speed.



# THE SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

PROFESSOR WALDO S. PRATT, MUS.D.

To-day, as on other days of this anniversary, it is natural that our minds should revert more than once to that passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews where we are told of the "great cloud of witnesses" who encircle the arena of Christian life—that vast assemblage in the vivid sense of whose presence and observation we are bidden to cast off every check and clog, that we, like them, may press forward into triumph. We speak of looking back to them and their bygone days, often with a certain hopelessness of matching their fortitude and fervor. But they, with the sublime insight of eternity, are perpetually looking forward for us, seeking by some spiritual telepathy to share with us that superb hope and zeal of which the motto is always, "Not yet having attained, not yet being made perfect!"

For us to-day how full is this familiar place of forms and faces invisible, though clear to memory and affection—minds and souls not only woven indestructibly into the fabric of this church, but stamped indelibly upon lives manifold and interests multiplied, both here in this community and thence to the very ends of the earth. These fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, friends and companions, teachers, neighbors and fellow-townsmen—rich and poor, old and young, illustrious and

unknown—how they seem to sit beside us in the pews, to move up and down the aisles, to gather in groups at the door, even to crowd about the steps of this pulpit! We ourselves are a goodly company. But how much greater and more majestic is that encompassing “cloud of witnesses”!

We cannot interpret for each other this spectacle of onlooking spirits. By no cunning artifice of words can we express what they mean to us. Language is vague and feeble when it tries to voice the heart in times of such quickening and overflow. We can but silently give ourselves to the mystic touch that stirs the hidden depths, with its summons to unwonted solemnities, to forgotten aspirations, to unexpected tears. There will be moments in these days when we would fain be alone, that we may commune with our memories in secret.

Yet it is natural, too, that we should gather here, seeking for some united utterance of our common sentiments of tender retrospection, of fresh-kindled admiration and respect, of fervent gratitude and love, as now we contemplate the long line of persons, circumstances and events that have concurred to make this church a power in our lives, in our homes, in this community, and in places and lands far distant.

To me, for no obvious reason, has been assigned the clearly impossible task of sketching in the space of a few moments the story of near half a century—impossible, both because much detail

and comment are needed to make it vital, and because what gives dignity to it is largely intangible and inaccessible. To-day is not the time for exhibiting tables of statistics, or even for recounting the whole chain of events. We must not linger over any one factor or feature. We cannot even pay full tribute to the agencies that seem conspicuous. A few topics out of the many, some rapid outlines and summaries, an allusion here and a hint there—this is all that can be expected.

The chronicle of our years contains nothing sensational. Having had, until lately, but one pastor, our church policy has been continuous and uniform. Having used but this one church building, our associations center in a single spot and edifice. Our record has not been disfigured by any extensive quarrel or division. The relations between our members and their chosen officers, between the two constituent bodies, known as the "church" and the "society," between the congregation and our leaders in praise, between ourselves and neighboring churches—all these relations, which afford occasion for strained and even hostile feeling, have been strikingly harmonious. There has been no lack of variety of opinion, and some strenuous debates. But these have not disrupted or destroyed fraternal unity.

Hence our minds can rest to-day upon the essential worth and glory of a church career that has been quietly and normally developed. We do not know whether we have really fulfilled the hopes of those who boldly planted this Christian outpost

on Asylum Hill, or have been quite all that a church in a community like this ought to be. Much less dare we claim to have risen to the heavenly and divine ideals. Yet we are sure that in this church have operated forces of human and divine potency which have lifted the routine of appointments and activities into genuine spiritual effectiveness, so that we have been enabled to render substantial service as a part of that majestic agency in the world which Paul calls "the embodiment of Christ."

For inspiration and guidance in all this we owe an incalculable debt to our ministers. Of Mr. Twichell's work for us I shall speak at a later point. Here let us record our warm appreciation of the supplemental service of the two choice young men who from 1905 to 1913 were his efficient and devoted helpers. We rejoice that Mr. Walcott, from his near-by parish, can join us in our celebration and thus receive in person our grateful greetings. To Mr. Walter, also, though distant by thousands of miles, will go similar words of esteem and love. Their cumulative work, especially among the young people, was of utmost value in preparing us in 1912 to welcome as our second pastor him about whom we now gather in affectionate loyalty, and under whose spiritual leadership we approach a second half-century with assurance and energy. Though Dr. Voorhees cannot really share our anniversary memories, he knows that to-day we are looking backward only that to-morrow we may face the future under his

leadership in strengthened faith and heightened expectation.

In a sense the most tangible incidents in our history are the gains in physical equipment. The founders had ambitious and original plans. They began with a chapel, to serve as both church and Sunday School room, at first fitted with a platform and pews. The erection of the church proper was promptly undertaken and soon completed. The architecture adopted, as in the Park Church, built a year later, was emphatically not that of the colonial meeting-house. The result has undeniable grace and dignity—with some practical drawbacks. Among these are the obtrusive clustered columns, breaking the view from many sittings, the rather large space to be heated and lighted, the curiously capricious acoustics, entailing an amusing series of attempted remedies, and the tendency of the roof to transform itself into a sieve. For the first year or two the chapel served well enough. But, as the Sunday School expanded, it became painfully crowded. Hence in 1873 came strenuous cries for more room, and in 1880 the Sunday School was forced to move into the church. The only visible outcome of the first agitation, curiously enough, was the fitting up of a kitchen in the basement, over whose advent there was almost as much joy as there was later over its abandonment. Thus we see that it was in 1873 that urgent demands were first made for a Parish House—demands reiterated in sundry forms until silenced in 1903 by the careful planning and erec-



tion of our present large, convenient and delightful building.

Time fails to recount the steady improvement of the property, and especially to do justice to the final, extensive renovation which gave us these beautiful and sumptuous surroundings. Until after 1880 the church was burdened by its initial debt. But notable additions came early. In 1871 the first organ was put in, costing nearly \$5,400, and also our musical bell, the latter chiefly the gift of Mr. C. C. Lyman. In 1875 Mr. Roland Mather gave \$19,000 for the beautiful spire surmounting the original square-topped tower. In 1897 the belfry was completed by the insertion of a clock, the gift of Mr. Mather's daughter, Mrs. Turner, and the same year brought the marble font, given by Mr. Chase. Later came the memorial window to Miss Margaret Blythe, the first of a series which now bids fair to be steadily increased. Mention should also be made of the celebration of Mr. Twichell's fiftieth birthday in 1888 by the purchase for him of the house on Woodland Street, and of the recent acquisition of the parsonage near the church.

Speaking of equipment suggests a word about the provision for music in our services. The founders had a strong desire to magnify congregational singing alone. The first organ, located in the apse, was planned without reference to a choir. This general policy continued for over twenty-five years, though a chorus, as well as a precentor, was employed at times to lead the people's

song. There were several periods when the organ itself was the only support. During this time there was such zest about the singing that visitors often came from a distance to hear it. Singing-classes were more than once carried on, and for years the Choral Union held its concerts here, a large fraction of its chorus coming from our ranks. In 1891 the policy was extended to include a formal choir, either a quartet alone or with reinforcements. In recent years this has expanded under Mr. Laubin's skillful direction into a large choral body of fine ability. Organ recitals and striking renderings of vocal works are now part of the usual calendar.

The original organ was a good instrument for its day, though mechanically awkward. From 1883 it passed through several remodelings, by which it was much improved. Finally, in 1911, it was replaced by the magnificent instrument which looks down upon us from yonder gallery. The total expenditure for these instruments has been over \$25,000.

Of the eight or nine organists, the longest term of service was that of Mr. Lord, who for fourteen years (1891-1905) endeared himself to all by his fidelity, courtesy and skill. That no individual mention can be made of many singers does not imply that their voices are forgotten or their co-operation is unappreciated.

Under our commanders, and with the appliances furnished by our efficient managers, there has been developed an internal organization of many-sided strength. It is hopeless here to re-

capitulate the list of our fraternities and guilds, for men and women, for boys and girls, with their philanthropic, instructional or social aims. Some of these, like the Ladies' Benevolent Society, are practically as old as the church; others are still in the experimental stage. Neither can we here review the roll of our many office-bearers—our majors, captains and lieutenants—whose intelligence, enthusiasm and tact have been indispensable to the inner life of this large and active parish. Concerning these, however, I will make two or three brief notes.

Out of thirty-seven deacons, more than half are gone hence. Among those who remain, Colonel Thompson has been in service more than twenty-five years in all, and Mr. Clark and Mr. Collins only a little less. Reference to the workers in the Sunday School will be made in the special history of that energetic department, which is to be given by Mrs. Macdonald.

Besides these and other usual officers, we have had some that are not always found. In our early years a system of parish visitation by districts was maintained, which did much to knit the members together, to render help in times of trouble, and to win new recruits. Of course, it takes an angel to be a perfect parish visitor; but in those days, apparently, angels were common among us! At several periods a Pastor's Assistant has been employed—one to undertake in a concentrated way the function of visitation. In this office no one has left a more fragrant memory than Mrs. Bartlett,

for whose wisdom and faith no problem was too hard, no need too hopeless. Her ministry, however, in the nature of things, was not as long or as varied as that of one other pastor's assistant, Mrs. Twichell, to whom also we may well ascribe the name of "saint," not in formal adulation, but out of pure affection.

Let us not omit mention of one other officer of unique value—more regular than any of us in attendance, more diligent in business, and longer in office than any but Mr. Twichell himself—Mr. Livingston, our faithful sexton for thirty years.

The supreme problem before every church is to discover the way in which it may be of definite service to the community. It is often thought enough to get sufficient members to pay for traditional activities. Spiritual benefits to the community are then expected to accrue automatically.

On the side of numbers this church was located where it was bound to grow. Asylum Hill developed rapidly as a residential quarter. When we came, Trinity Church was our only church neighbor. The Baptists followed in 1872, and the lower part of the Cathedral was in use in 1878. These four churches, for their respective constituencies, long covered the field which in these latter days is divided between no less than nine churches on the Hill proper, not counting two to the north and three or more to the south. It was inevitable that the four pioneers should prosper.

Our original number was 114. After allowing for deaths and dismissions, the total rose to twice

this in four years (1869), to three times in nine years (1874), to four times in thirteen years (1878), to five times in about twenty years (1883-85), to six times in twenty-six years (1891), and to seven times in thirty-three years (1898). Prior to last Sunday the highest figure, 789, was reached in 1898, divided between men and women in the proportion of four to six. By far the largest annual accession was in 1878, when the whole city was stirred by Mr. Moody. After 1900 the total tended to fall off, and in 1911 it was cut down by the removal from the roll of many names carried for years without manifest reason. This dropping of absentees reduced the figure to below 700. During the past two years it has been steadily rising, and is now 795. Including those just received, the whole number of persons enrolled since the beginning is 2,009.

Mere numbers are no sure sign of church vitality. We naturally inquire what such a large body of Christian people has done to declare itself. Without wishing that every church should bristle with agencies bent upon all kinds of exciting exploits, we should all grieve over a large church shut in upon its own private affairs, simply "prosperous" in a worldly sense and enjoying a decorous social continuity.

No such notion characterized our founders and early promoters. They had positive ideas about the constructive functions of the Sunday School and the prayer meeting. They were attached to the old custom of two full services on Sunday.



They expected that the work of the minister and all the members would bear fruit in accessions, not only from their own families, but from outside. So, besides opening up the stream of money-gifts which has gone on ever since, they promptly began to busy themselves with aggressive enterprises of a personal nature. Of these I take two examples.

Almost at once some of our good people started to establish a neighborhood center in the region of Flower, Queen and Broad streets. This continued for at least ten years, adding somewhat to both Sunday School and church, and certainly tending to benefit a neglected district. Of this, however, there is to-day no tangible vestige—unless, perchance, we count the High School and the Theological Seminary as fruits!

In 1873 began the holding of special meetings in the Glenwood district. This effort was much longer maintained, was more inclusive of adults as well as children, and in 1894 led to the formation of the Glenwood Church, which for many years was closely affiliated with us.

If, now, we were to attempt a list of all the enterprises and institutions in which many of our members have been engaged, both as general supporters and as active personal workers, for years and decades together, this address would forthwith become a comprehensive catalogue of the philanthropies of Hartford. The City Mission, the Morgan Street School, the two Christian Associations, the Union for Home Work, the Charity Organization Society, the Woman's Aid Society,



the Orphan Asylum, the schools for the blind—these are merely samples of the almost innumerable fields wherein the irrepressible Christian enthusiasm of our men and women, young men and maidens, has been persistently and beautifully displayed.

Naturally, we have had close connection with near-by institutions. Our name came from the Hill, which took its title from the American Asylum, here located more than forty years before we began. The links with this school have been intimate, its principals and teachers often being among our most valued members, its pupils sometimes sharing in our services, and its whole life being affected by the spirit of the church. Something similar could be said about our relation to the High School, founded on the Hill in 1869, and to the West Middle School, built in 1873. Almost a whole paper might be devoted to our interesting connection with the Chinese Educational Commission and its sequels, from 1872 onward. Until 1886 the Town Alms House stood to the north of us, and there for years a fortnightly service was held on Sunday mornings by Mr. Twichell and a band of young people. Certain of our members, too, were long useful as teachers at the Hartford Jail, and even at the State Prison at Wethersfield.

There were some of our early members who looked askance at the Theological Seminary when it came to the city in 1865, and when it moved up to Broad Street in 1879. Yet, since then, some

fifteen of its professors have mingled in our activities, many of its students have taught in our Sunday School, and two of its alumni have become our Associate Pastors. In return, at least a score of our leading members, through large gifts or through personal service as trustees, have been instrumental in expanding the Seminary to its present proportions and outlook.

These fragmentary notes upon outside activities are simply hints of the topics of interest that abound in our valuable church records.

Just here let me slip in a word of special recognition for the pains taken year after year by a multitude of persons to prepare the minutes and histories of all our constituent departments. There are some gaps and some curious discrepancies, but, on the whole, in our archives, reports and manuals we have a body of information of which we ought to be proud. Beyond all this we have the invaluable Parish Scrap-Book—thirteen big volumes—compiled with loving care by Mr. Twichell, and now stored beyond the reach of ordinary destruction. The wealth of material in these sources is embarrassing for a mere summarist, as I am to-day. For some future historian they will be a mine of richness. Hence this word of ringing thanks for the infinite toil in them that should not be always thankless.

Among these records are those of our two Treasurers. The Society Treasurer reports the income of the corporation (chiefly from pew-rentals), with the outlay for salaries, running expenses, and

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the like. The Church Treasurer registers the gifts of the congregation, with what has been done with the money. There are also records of gifts from the Sunday School and other organizations, as well as of special subscriptions for improvements. And Colonel Thompson, who served as Church Treasurer for more than twenty-five years, added remarkable accounts of personal gifts and bequests not made through the church. Thus we can make a rough calculation of the money-outgo from our circle since the beginning.

In round numbers, about \$200,000 have gone into the church and its equipment, and about \$500,000 into salaries and maintenance. The regular contributions, at first secured through district collectors, but since 1878 mainly by the envelope system, have yielded about \$250,000, while probably three times this has been otherwise given. The total benevolences, therefore, are not far from \$1,000,000. These massive figures are certainly impressive, even though most of us can claim no large share in attaining them.

The record of home expenditure shows a persistent determination that the church should have the best that could be afforded, so as to be strong and significant in its environment. Those who have labored upon the problems of our business welfare have had a sure instinct of what a church, maintained with energy and dignity, accomplishes by steadfast existence.

The record of benevolences displays the out-reaching potency of the church, its vicarious par-

ticipation in the vast enterprise of the Christian betterment and reclamation of the whole world. Part of our gifts have been for objects designated by the givers. Part have been assigned by the Prudential Committee as occasion called. A large part has gone to great societies, to be distributed throughout their several fields. Thus we have lent a hand, often in no small way and for years together, to every phase of philanthropy in the city, to every movement for evangelization and church extension in the State and throughout the Union, to the cause of the Negro, the Indian, the "poor white," the immigrant and the helplessly dependent, to the upbuilding and maintenance of many schools and colleges or the support of students in them, to the printing and circulation of Bibles and Christian literature, and to the prosecution of several kinds of missionary work in nearly every continent of the globe.

Would that we could linger upon the many effective workers who have gone forth from us into missionary fields at home or abroad. Let two or three instances suffice. Among our original members was Isaac Pierson, then a Junior in Yale College, who later served for twenty years in North China, and who is now Field Secretary of the Tract Society. Another original member was James H. Roberts, who, after graduating at Yale College and Divinity School, was ordained here in 1877, worked abroad for thirty years, also in North China, and is now in the active pastorate only a few miles from his old home. It was to his church

in Kalgan that friends here gave a bell in 1887, of which a notable memorial hangs in the chapel. From about 1870 our roll was dignified by the name of Henry Blodget, who for forty years (from 1854) was another distinguished leader in the Chinese mission (he died in 1903). Mrs. Blodget's name was on our lists for full thirty-five years (till 1904). Then, for nearly fifteen years (since 1901) we have carried a goodly share of the support of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wilder as our representatives in East Africa, a connection made vital by more than one visit from them to us. Mr. Walter, too, in a measure still belongs to us, even out upon the plains of the Punjab in Northern India. In these days of international upheaval we do not forget our reasons for peculiar interest in Dr. Bowen and Mr. Crawford in the Turkish Empire. To this list many more names would be added if we were to survey the home field in both education and evangelization.

Surely, with scores of relations like these before us, this church seems like a great nervous ganglion or electrical center whence innumerable filaments or wires spread out in all directions, stretch even across the continents, penetrate into all strata of society, and touch the most enduring interests of human life.

When I began to prepare this address I thought that it afforded the chance for a tribute to the memory of the fine and famous men and women who have wrought among us in unforgettable ways, but whose faces we no longer see. I myself

have known so many of these, and have received so much from them, that the attempt to characterize and eulogize them would be most grateful. But when I came to review the roster of those who have thus fallen from our ranks—over 350 in all—I saw that no selection from them could be made that would be at once representative and practical. Some we specially remember for their general, well-rounded, winsome Christianity, some for their fidelity and usefulness in routine parish duties, some for their liberal, but unostentatious, generosity, some for devotion to a single special cause or channel of influence, some for their importance in the affairs of the city or the State, some for their national or international reputation. Business men of all varieties, managers of great corporations, bankers, lawyers, physicians, ministers, teachers, editors, authors, scholars—what a broad and noble list it is, and how it warms the heart to recall, not only how able or famous they were, but how wholesome to know and how inspiring to touch in the avenues of Christian endeavor! Each decade builds up for us that heritage of honor and dignity from the past which towers like a banner above our marching columns, the message of well-lived lives, which is like to the call of a mighty trumpet.



For years successive historians have been officially warned that detailed reference was not to be made to the work of the pastor. This suppression of facts may have been proper in the annual histories, but it cannot be tolerated at this anniversary. To-day, as we look back over the path by which we have come, we must be under no restraint of utterance about him who not only led us into the Promised Land, but there became our priest and prophet.

Mr. Twichell came here a young man, without experience in guiding a real parish. Doubtless, like other young men, he had to grow into his position partly by discovery and accommodation. He would be the last to say that his lifelong work here was the fruit of exact science. He always went about it with the smallest parade of academic method. His whole temper and training tended otherwise—toward reliance upon intense human sympathies, keen and elastic intuitions, free and virile impulses, as master-keys to each day's duty and each week's problem. He went at his work with the higher skill of the born artist, with whom instinct and feeling are paramount.

What an artist he has been! The ultimate measure of great art is not manner, but manhood; not method, but message; not cleverness, but creative power. A smaller artist than Mr. Twichell would have had far less to reveal, whether of truth or of himself as teacher. A smaller artist would have exalted externals, would have postured more while saying less, would have been eager for

“effects” more than results. A smaller artist, in his egotism or pettiness, would have rung false or been worn threadbare in fifty years in a complex circle like this. But here was a great artist in that he was a true and mighty man, wholly intent upon a God-given work, flinging himself into it with a divine joy of creation and construction, and, like the Supreme Artist who was his only Master, pouring forth the golden wealth of a splendid personality in unadulterated love. Every expenditure expanded the treasuries of his nature, every achievement lifted him into finer and truer aspirations.

This quality of high art in ministry has many aspects. Mr. Twichell never overestimated preaching as a function. Neither did he plume himself upon his pulpit eloquence. Yet he did not forget its power or neglect its preparation. His sermons and lectures were regularly written in full, were wrought out slowly and carefully, with a substantial background of reading and reflection, and were delivered with sturdy force and zest. Much the same can be said of his more informal addresses, as at the prayer-meetings and before the Sunday School teachers. The enormous intellectual, emotional and moral draft involved in this side of a pastor’s life is not much known to his people. If, therefore, we were to say that for nearly fifty years we had had a thoughtful and earnest preacher for a pastor, it would be no small tribute. But Mr. Twichell was much more than this. As experts have testified, he was a great preacher be-

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cause he accomplished the supreme purpose of preaching in a grand and memorable way. He early fastened upon that which is essential. A sermon, for him, was not an essay, fitted for printing and for perusal by the evening light; nor an oration, shrewdly suited to an occasion, and brilliant with virtuosity; nor a mere piece of logic, built up without flaw from premiss to conclusion; nor an instruction, addressed to mental and moral inferiors; nor even primarily an exhortation, aimed at those who need to be awakened or reformed. He had no ruling type, so that his method could not be predicted. But you never failed to get a genuine rescript of his stalwart personality, as played upon by the moods and accidents of real life, by multitudinous contacts with people, books and events, by incessant feeding upon the Bible and the Gospel it contains, by the mysterious impact of the Holy Spirit. The power of his preaching lay not in the way it was done—though that was often surpassingly fine and exquisite—nor in any studied fidelity to a scheme of doctrine or system of ethics—though these were not absent—but in the glorious display of a rich and royal manhood, face to face with ultimate realities, with the truths of eternity. Any man with such a quality of manhood, who gives himself as unreservedly to the ministerial career, and who schools himself as diligently in the art of transparent self-expression, can become a great preacher. But how few there are in whom all these factors meet as they did in Mr. Twichell!

The same artistic genius marked his work as pastor. In our whole church life he was always dominant, seldom as a deliberate organizer or director, rather as a companionable, appreciative partner. His avoidance of dictation disarmed opposition and even disguised his share in action. Yet, as you looked closely, you saw how wisely his weight was thrown, now for advance, now for caution, here in favor of leaders or measures which he trusted, there against what he felt to be dubious. He was seldom wrong, or failed to make his view both plain and persuasive. It was the artist's touch that gave him mastery, not the appeal to abstractions or the assertion of authority.

From Mr. Twichell came much of the church's individuality. He met all classes equally, and was alert to every shade of opinion. He was cognizant of all movements or projects, not inquisitively, but because he loved people and affairs. Thus he was able to deal with the church as a child, a living being, whose freedom was to be shaped more by counsel than by command, a corporate will that might be won and led, if handled with delicacy. He may not have even told himself precisely what he meant this church to be. We simply saw the evolution taking place under his fingers. We were a miscellany of people, diverse in a hundred ways, yet held in union and projected into common service by a recognized leader. Some of us had hazy notions of what a church is ideally, yet presently we found ourselves intent upon duties and interests which confronted us out of the nature of our

church relations. There was ever being disclosed to us the symbolic and dynamic power of a strong church in a community. It stands for the Christian ideal. Its members are in honor bound to illustrate the verities to which it is pledged. Its tendency and influence must be positive. It exerts an attractive force regarding honesty, justice, fidelity, mercy, piety, and a repellent force regarding their opposites. All this applies to every church. But some churches have the form of spiritual magnets and yet the magnetic property is not there; they are magnets wound with the wire of induction through which no current flows. Mr. Twichell's chief concern was to maintain that electric stream of energy about and in our church magnet that should give it potency. How he did this we need not try to say. No one came within our magnetic field without becoming conscious of the force he transmitted.

As pastor, he dealt with us mostly one by one. Have we not marveled at the breadth and readiness of his sympathy? Have we not been startled by the sharpness of his intuition and his close appraisal of motive? Was he not quick to kindle to our enthusiasms, to grasp our difficulties and burdens, to bend to our weakness, to pursue us when we went astray, to reach out a strong hand when darkness closed over us, to bring healing for our bitterest wounds? What a wealth of testimony might here be marshaled if one after another were to say what was done for him—the quiet, simple words on the street, in office or shop, at home, which



turned the whole drift of our wills back into the higher ranges of duty and destiny; the homely warmth of Christ-like tenderness at times of personal or domestic crisis, whether of rejoicing or of bereavement; the outlay of heart that we might shun the supreme loss and seize the supreme opportunity; the patience with our petulance or folly, the ingenuity in transforming our passion or self-will, the persistence in conquering our reluctance before the heavenly call. It was in these tens of thousands of daily contacts that we came to know his heart, to feel his vigor, to catch his spirit. "Pastor" means "shepherd." "The good shepherd knoweth his own, and his own know him; he calleth his sheep by name, and leadeth them out; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice."

Finally, a rapid word of Mr. Twichell as a public man. He was always a foremost citizen, with genial good-will for neighbors and fellow-townsmen, with prompt support of every enterprise that made for true welfare, with sterling courage in facing evil, personal or corporate, and with an inspiring, old-fashioned pride in the body politic. He was drawn into a multitude of organizations, charitable, educational, reformatory. His commanding voice was incessantly sought on anniversary and civic occasions. And the sphere of his action and repute was not at all confined to Hartford. The connection of his early life with the Civil War, his loyalty as an alumnus of Yale University, and his growing fame as lecturer, preacher and writer—all these built up a vast constituency,



scattered through many States and embracing many classes of admirers, especially in church and college circles. All this added luster to our history as a church, for wherever he went and whatever he did he was always proud to be known as first of all our pastor.

To-day it is the crown of our rejoicing that he is present among us. Not every man is spared to see the fruit of his labors. Not every leader is worthy to listen to the music of his followers' applause or the poetry of their affection. But to-day we are telling the story of our history as it is. And of that history, in God's good providence, Joseph Hopkins Twichell was set to be verily the heart and the soul.

## AN APPRECIATION FROM AN INTIMATE FRIEND

REV. EDWIN POND PARKER, D.D.

Permit me to preface my remarks on this occasion by offering to this church a threefold cordial congratulation—first, upon its growth and fruitfulness during the fifty years of its existence; second, upon its present prosperity; and, third, upon the bright promise of its future and further accomplishments, grounded in its favorable situation, in its large, intelligent and harmonious membership, and in its acquisition of a minister whose gifts and graces render him a most suitable, as well as acceptable, shepherd of such a flock and fold.

Three things have made me feel a special interest in the welfare of this church. During a period of several years, the Second Church, the Park Church and the Asylum Hill Church, whose ministers, if not their congregations, were then in relations of especial sympathy, maintained special united services at Christmas and Easter.

Again, when the westward flow of people from down-town got under way, the Second Church from time to time dismissed to your communion so many of its choice members as might have made of themselves a church respectable in numbers and of excellent quality. I acted as a kind of official recruiting-agent for this church, and as a constant contributor to its active forces.

But the principal thing was, of course, the immediate intimacy that sprang up between your minister and myself, so that all his interests became, in a measure, intermingled with mine. How close, tender, and precious that long and uninterrupted intimacy has been, sanctified by the grace of Dr. Bushnell's paternal kindness, enriched by Dr. Burton's brotherly affection, and intimately associated with many other noble friendships, the memory of which is a priceless possession, need not, could not here be told. As I revert to those earlier years of our ministry here and recall the fair and bright memory of our mutual friends and associates, almost all of whom have "gone into the world of light," it seems as though Mr. Twichell and I were then living in a land of high altitude, amid lofty surroundings, and in a mountain air and alpine splendor.

Let me now lift a corner of the curtain which veils the stage and scene upon which your first minister made his initial appearance. Happily for him and for you, he came here at a time and in circumstances most favorable. Hartford was a freer place, as regards religious thought and utterance, after the great war. Theological contentions had considerably abated. The watchmen on the walls of orthodoxy had so far relaxed their vigilance that candidates for the Gospel ministry were less severely scrutinized than formerly. It was no longer a misfortune for a young minister to enjoy the favor of Dr. Bushnell, nor a detriment to be known as his disciple.

Among the founders of this church were many who had been brought up under Dr. Bushnell's religious tuition, and who were not likely to put up with either severe internal restrictions or external interferences. In planting a church out here, almost in the countryside, with room all around them, the founders seemed to have left all the old dry-bones of contention down in Main Street, and, all unconsciously perhaps, to have taken an important step in the way of new freedom and progress. There was that air about this church, and that spirit within it, from the first.

At a time and in circumstances so propitious, Mr. Twichell came here as one remarkably fitted for the place by nature, education, and grace—one might say, as of God predestinated to it and providentially prepared for it. Passing lightly now such qualifications as intellectual vigor, spiritual earnestness, and qualities both sterling and winsome that inspired respect and confidence, I note particularly his invaluable experience as an army chaplain. In that war service and ministry his scholastic education was both completed and modified. In it he became so rooted and grounded in the great truths that underlie all formulated dogmas, that he felt little or no interest in the latter and let them pretty much alone, regarding and making use of those vital truths which pertain to conduct and character, and which his experience in the army had taught him were of supreme importance. In that same army ministry he had come to know human minds and hearts and their

needs as few young men can know them, and as they could in no other school be learned. So his key of truth fitted the lock of need here, and, in his use of it, was a kind of pass-key to all doors of all minds and hearts.

Indisposed to speculation; indifferent to disputations; neutral among contending parties, but embracing them all in the arms of his fellowship; with his eyes in the front of his head and the windows of his mind wide open to the light; holding his truth both in wisdom and in love, and having it in hand for nobler uses than that of controversy; his attitude, utterances, and actions were such that no one could suspect the fundamental soundness of his indoctrination. So he began and so he continued a ministry here which, upheld within his church and untroubled from without, gradually became remarkable for its plenteous and good fruits.

It should be said here that Dr. Twichell's ministry was untroubled from without partly because it was so splendidly upheld within this church. Great as is the indebtedness of the church to him, its minister, he would be foremost in owning his considerable indebtedness to the church. Somewhere on the walls of Winchester Cathedral is the following inscription: "This Work Made William Wyckam." He made the work, and the work made him. So it has been in the edification of this church.

One day Mr. Warner said to me, "Do you know what a rich, choice style of discourse Twichell has

developed?" Another day he said, "Twichell is preaching great sermons." Some of you recall those sermons, their elevation of thought, their breadth of view, their wealth of illustration, their glow and warmth of feeling, their grasp and grip also, and the full-diapasoned, rhythmic, resounding diction of them, and—something else, difficult to describe, due to personality. Most preachers make their sermons. A few, like Mr. Twichell, give birth to them.

In one of his sermons Theodore Parker describes a preacher whom he does not name, saying, substantially, "He gives us seeds of future life for our gardens. After hearing him the world seems not so low, nor man so mean, heaven looks higher and nearer, wrong appears more shameful, but the wrongdoer not so hopeless. Men seem friendlier and God dearer. We are cheered with new faith, vigor and courage. It is as if we had halted a while in our desert march at the springs and palm-groves of Elim, to fare on our journey, grateful and gladsome." Better than any words of mine could do, those words describe Mr. Twichell's preaching. To use a quaint old theological phrase, it had the merit of both condignity and congruity—of worth and fitness. It was not the product of a jobber, nor even of a mere craftsman, but of an artist, and yet artless in its simplicity and genuineness. He could handle the homeliest incidents not only without the slightest sacrifice of dignity and decency, but so as to make his fabric beautiful with them. Brimful of fervor, senti-

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ment, and feeling, his preaching never suggested the sentimentalist, nor the sensationalist, nor—it need not be said—the modern acrobat and mountebank.

I am aware that in speaking soberly and truthfully concerning Mr. Twichell I run the risk of offending his too sensitive modesty. Nevertheless, I must continue a little way further. Passing all his remarkable pastoral gifts and service, also all his more public discourses, addresses, speeches and writings, some characteristics of the man himself must be briefly sketched. Who that has known Mr. Twichell does not first of all think of that big, breezy, strong and yet tender human-heartedness that contagious spirit of lovingkindness which made him the brotherliest of souls, and beloved as falls to the lot of few men in this world to be beloved.

The late Mr. Lecky, in the preface to his "History of European Morals," describes a certain person in the following words:

"The inimitable grace and tact of his conversation, coruscating with the happiest anecdotes, and the brightest and yet the gentlest humor; the admirable harmony and sympathy of his mind and character, so free from all disproportion, eccentricity, and exaggeration; his fervent love of truth, his wide tolerance, his large, generous and masculine judgments of men and things; his almost intuitive perception of the good that is latent in each opposing party; his disdain for the noisy triumphs and the fleeting popularity of mere sectarian strife; his keen and hopeful insight into the progressive movements of his time; his rare power of winning the confidence and reading the thoughts of the youngest about him."

That paragraph, taken with the sentence preceding it, is a portrait as conformable to Mr.

Twichell's inner manhood as the portrait on yonder wall is conformable to the lineaments of his face and figure. It was that manliness that somehow made its way into and made itself felt in his preaching and other Gospel ministrations, and crowned all their other effectiveness.

I cannot, should not, conclude without paying once more my humble tribute of devout homage and affection to the noble woman upon whom, for so many years, he, in the honor of whom and of his ministry we are assembled, so constantly, confidently and fondly leaned for counsel, comfort and support, with the happiest results. I have no skill to depict her, nor any adequate likeness of her to present. But what

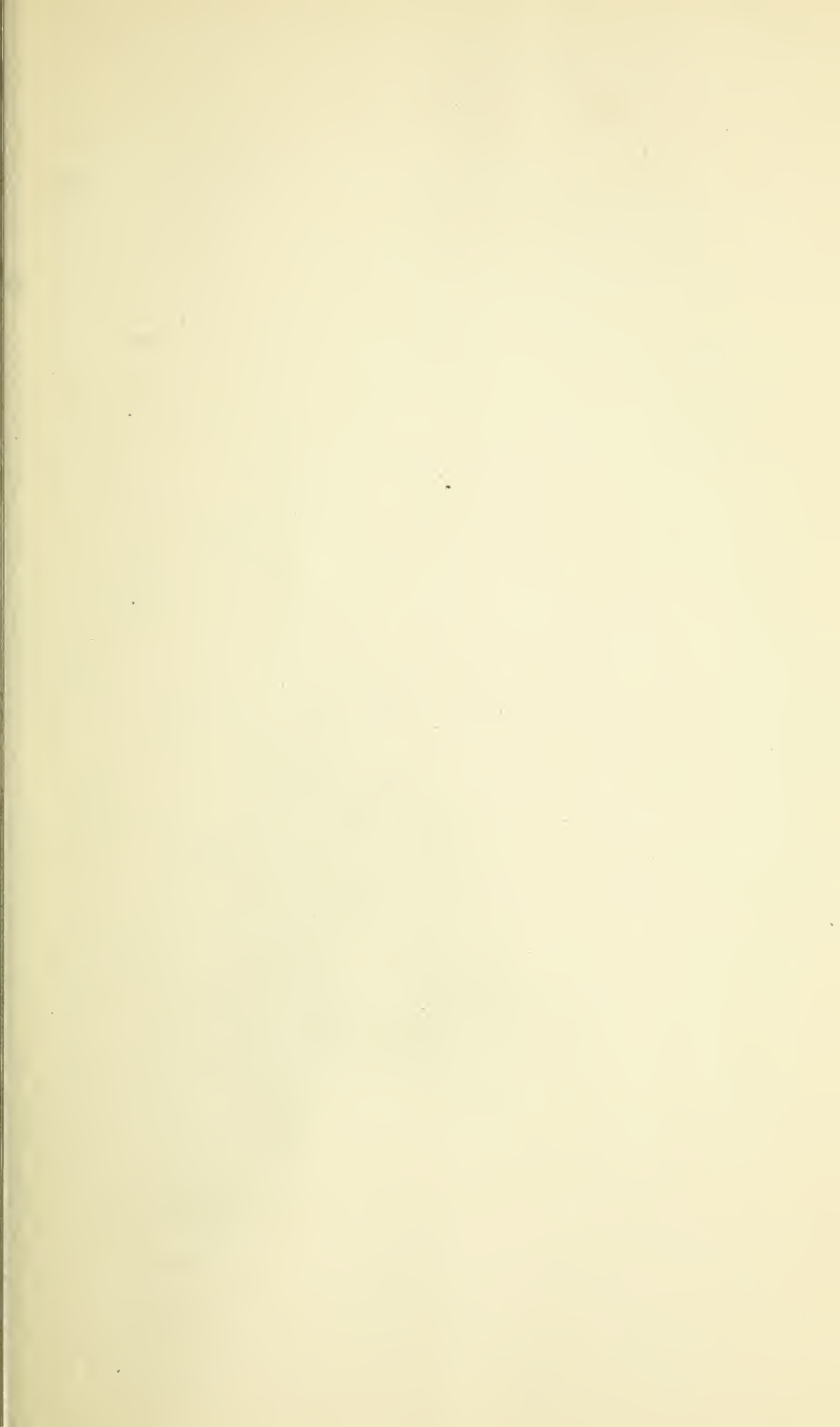
"Reason firm and temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,"

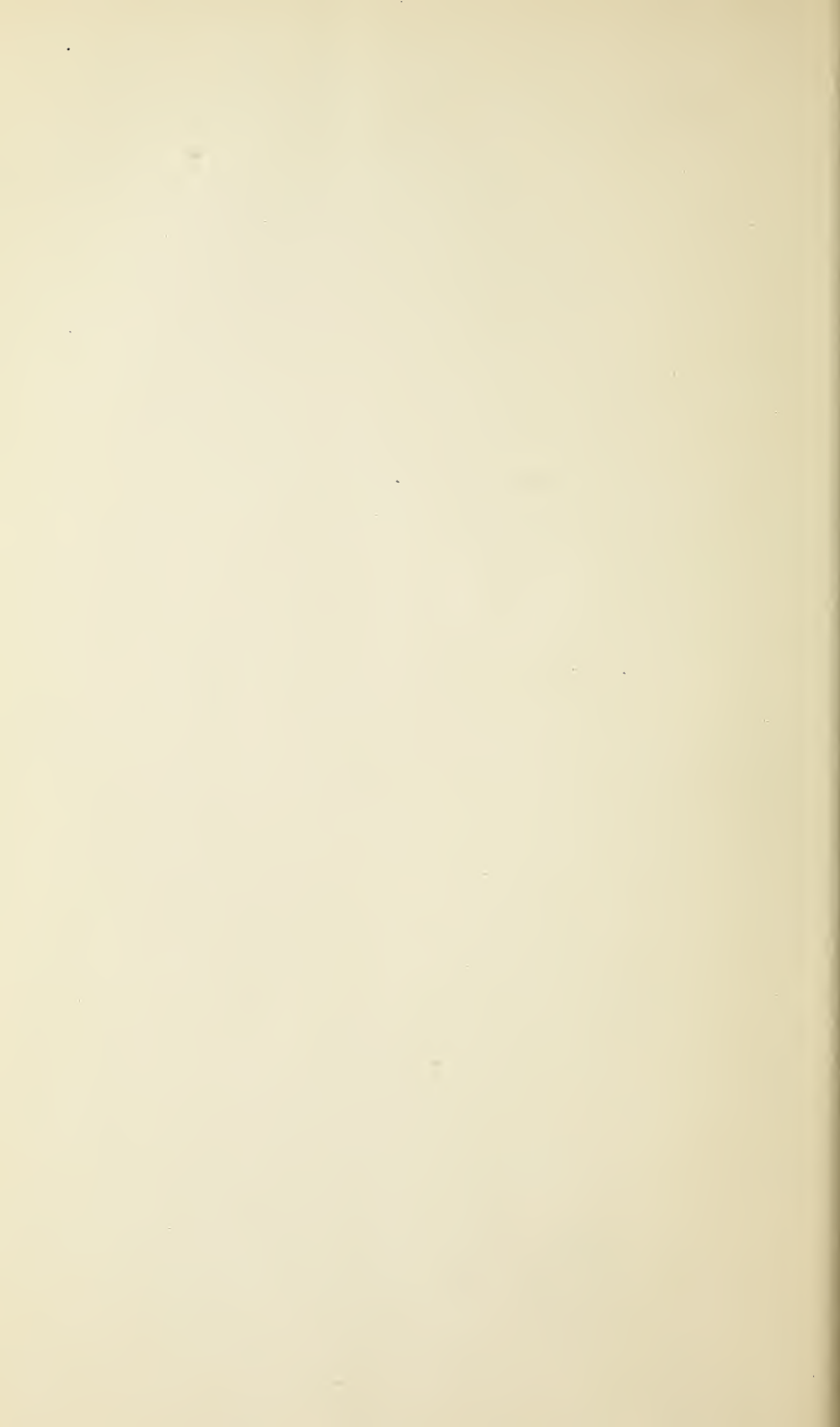
what devotion, force and courage were combined within the frail and almost delicate, but untiring, physical frame of that gentle and gracious lady, by whose sudden and, as it seemed to us, untimely summons hence not only her husband and his household, but this church and a large circle of the society of Hartford suffered an incurable bereavement. It would be unpardonable to overlook the great part which she had in her husband's whole ministry, as in his whole personal life. In writing of some such woman, Wordsworth said that in dying she left

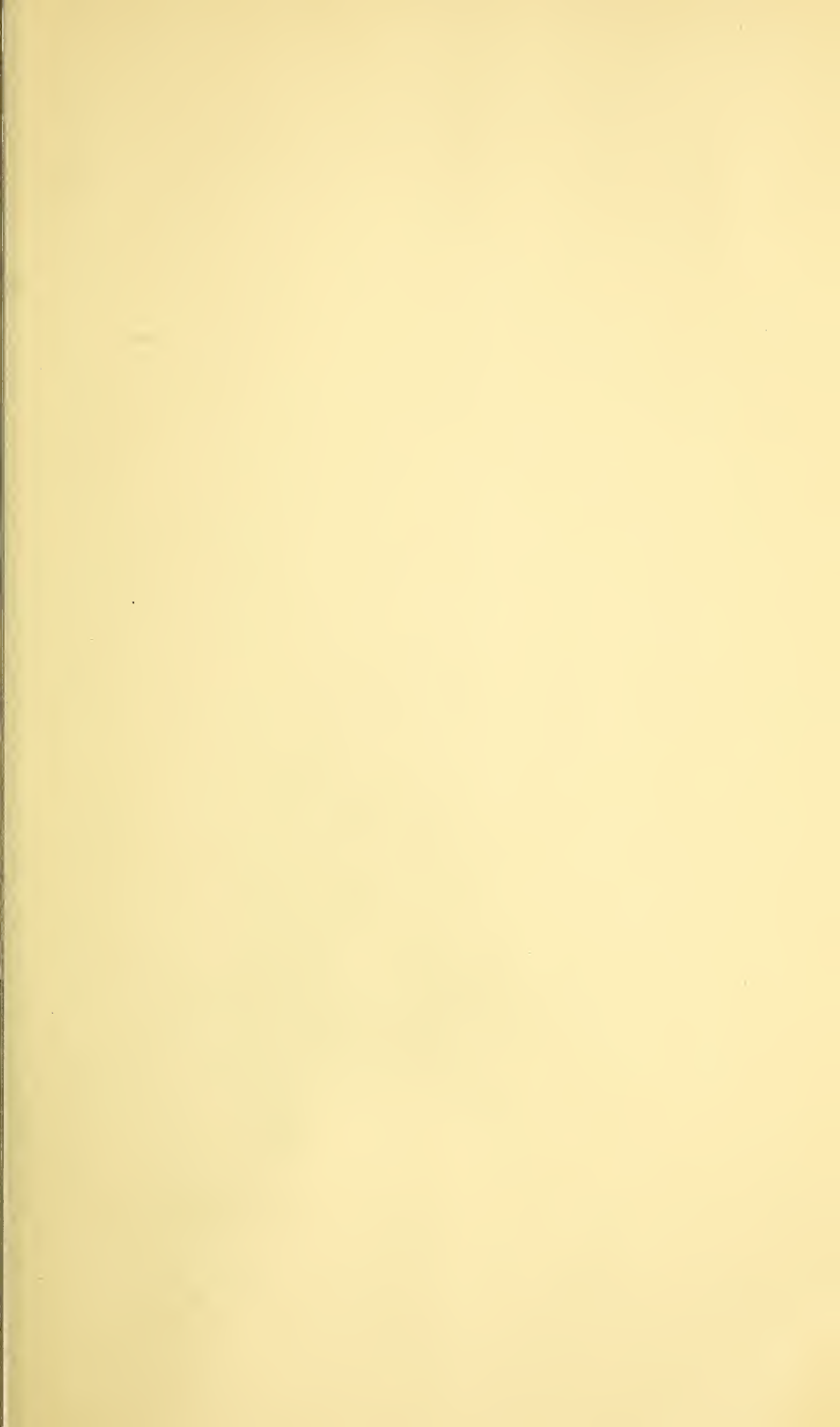
"The memory of what has been  
And never more will be."

In grateful, loving commemoration of Mrs.  
Twichell I would change that too sad couplet, and  
have it read :

“In memory of what has been  
And evermore will be.”

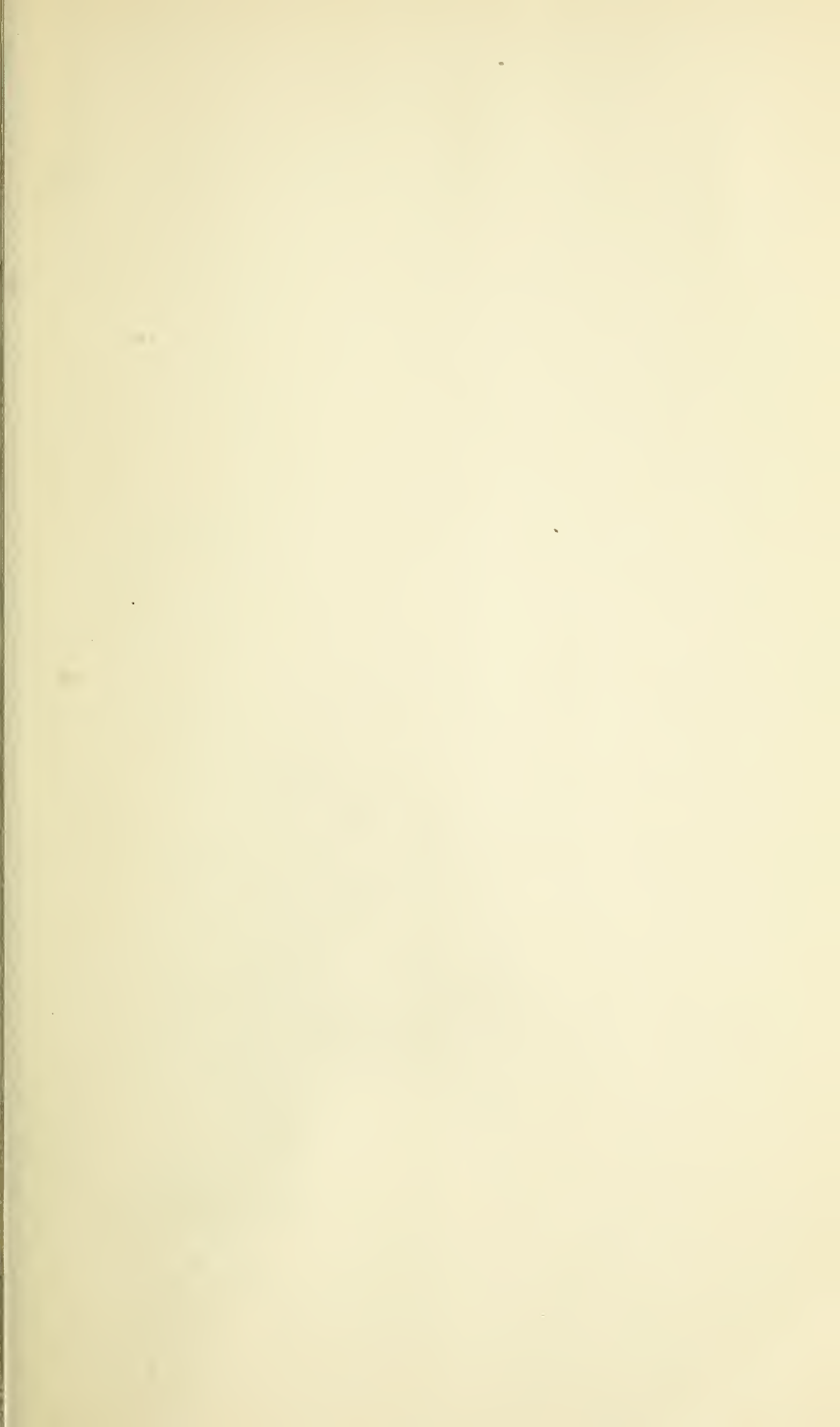






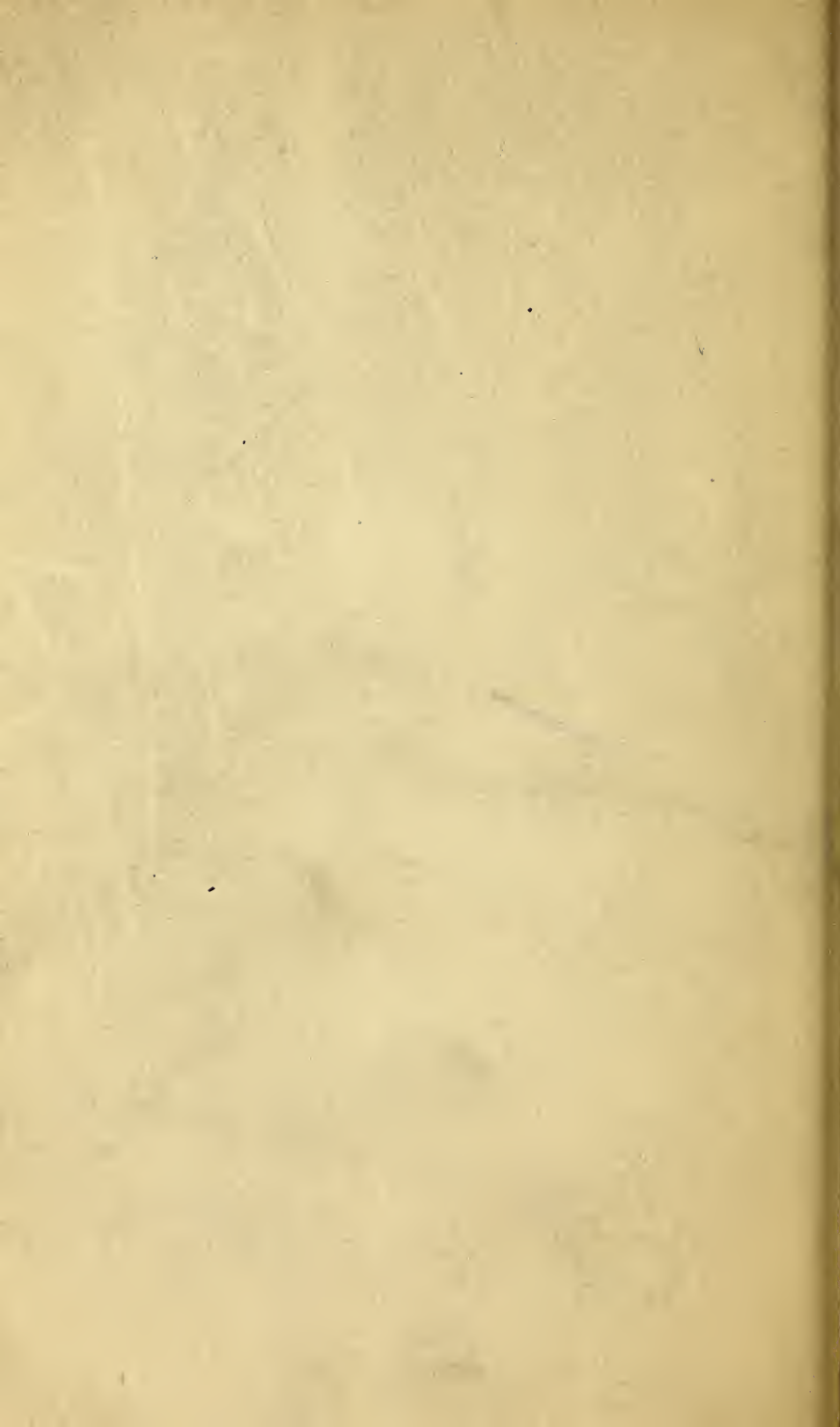


















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